

The Sketch

No. 837.—Vol. LXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



ANNE MARIE BRACHARD (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH)

JACQUES BRACHARD (MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER).

"SAMSON," AT THE GARRICK: BRACHARD, THE MODERN SAMSON, SEEKS TO FORCE HER LOVER'S NAME FROM HIS WIFE, AND QUESTIONS HER AS TO HER TORN DRESS AND WOUNDED HAND.

Brachard, the Copper King and former Marseilles porter, announces that he is going to London for a couple of days, and his wife arranges to spend that time with her lover, Jerome Le Govain. As a matter of fact, Brachard remains at home. When his wife comes in it is the early morning, and she has a torn dress and a wounded hand. Govain has taken her to a supper-party which has ended in an orgy, and, disgusted, she has left him. There is a great scene between the husband and the wife, and Brachard forces from Anne Marie the name of her lover.—[Photograph by Ellis and Watery.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

"No Time Like the Present."

Sir James T. Woodhouse is in despair. I will ask you to picture him foaming at the mouth and rending his garments. Here is Sir James's trouble, just as he confided it, the other day, to the sympathetic folk of Hull: "Nowadays," says he, "the greatest impossibility is the impossibility of saying what is impossible." Underlying this apparently peevish plaint, we have a profound thought. Sir James has realised, greatly to his credit, that we live in a wonderful age. It does not in the least matter that sages of all times have realised that they were living in a wonderful age. Sir James is entitled to full credit for his discovery. I know precisely what he means; I know exactly why he rent his garments, so to speak, at Hull. He has been looking at the pictures of Mr. Wilbur Wright in mid-air, and somebody has taken him for a ride in a motor-car. He has had the electric-light laid on all over his house, and he has bought himself a gramophone. These are the things of which we are thinking when we say, with a solemn wag of the head, that it is impossible, nowadays, to say what is impossible. It is true that the day is still the day and the night the night; it is true that tides ebb and flow, that winds buffet, that babies are born, and that folks laugh, eat, quarrel, and die. A gentleman has raised himself into the air without the aid of gas—a marvellous age!

A Silly Little Age?

It would be foolish and ungrateful in us, of course, to sneer at telephones, and motor-cars, and flying-machines, but one may be allowed to express the opinion that an age that produces nothing more important than the telephone, the motor-car, or the flying-machine will be looked upon as a fruitless age, comparatively speaking, in the history of the world. Suppose, for example, that somebody discovered the microbe of imagination—where would your flying-machines and your motor-cars be in comparison with that? Who would be at the trouble and discomfort of carting his body about the world in a flying-machine or a motor-car if he could send his imagination instead of it? Most of the so-called luxuries of the present day, or any other day, are merely sedatives, consolations, soporifics for those who have been born without imagination. Chemists have lived and died, having devoted all their knowledge and skill to vain attempts to discover something that they were pleased to call the "elixir of life." A spark of imagination would have shown them that there was no genuine demand for an "elixir of life." Put it on the market to-morrow, shout about it from every hoarding in the world: within a year nobody will accept a bottle as a gift. A definite termination is as necessary to the life of the body as air or water.

Hints for Dear Mrs. Nation.

Mrs. Carrie Nation is another of those people who attempt to reform the world from the surface. Mrs. Nation, with whose principles I am in full accord, seems to think that she will call attention to the evils of alcoholic poisoning by smashing glasses in saloon-bars, and to the harmful effects of cigarette-smoking by breaking the frames of cigarette advertisements in railway-trains. I should like to point out to her that she is encouraging by her tactics the sale of alcoholic liquor and cigarettes. Talk to a drunkard about drink and you will make him thirsty. Every time that Mrs. Nation gets her name into the papers by smashing about in a saloon-bar or a railway-carriage, twenty thousand men and women, who would never otherwise have thought of it, feel that they must have a drink or die; and ten thousand boys under twelve years of age hurry away to spend their halfpence on cigarettes. This is true of all vice. If Mrs. Nation really wishes, as I am sure she does, to leave the world temperate in

the matter of alcohol, let her invent a really good temperance drink, and then make a secret of it. When the secret begins to leak out let her place a prohibitive price upon it, or warn people never to touch it. There is not the slightest difficulty in managing people if only you are content to go the wrong way to work.

Without Fee.

"Should the doctor tell?" This little problem, I find, is once again agitating the columns of a popular newspaper. It seems to me that you might as well ask whether the engine-driver should leap from the footplate when the train is running smoothly and safely, or whether the policeman should whistle for help when he is enjoying his undisturbed pipe behind the buttress. There are two excellent reasons why the doctor—the average doctor, let us say, as distinct from the genius who writes prescriptions for you and me, friend the reader—should not "tell." The first of these is that he does not know, and the second is that, if he does know, nature may go back on him. The way to succeed as a doctor is to keep your hands clean and your mouth shut.

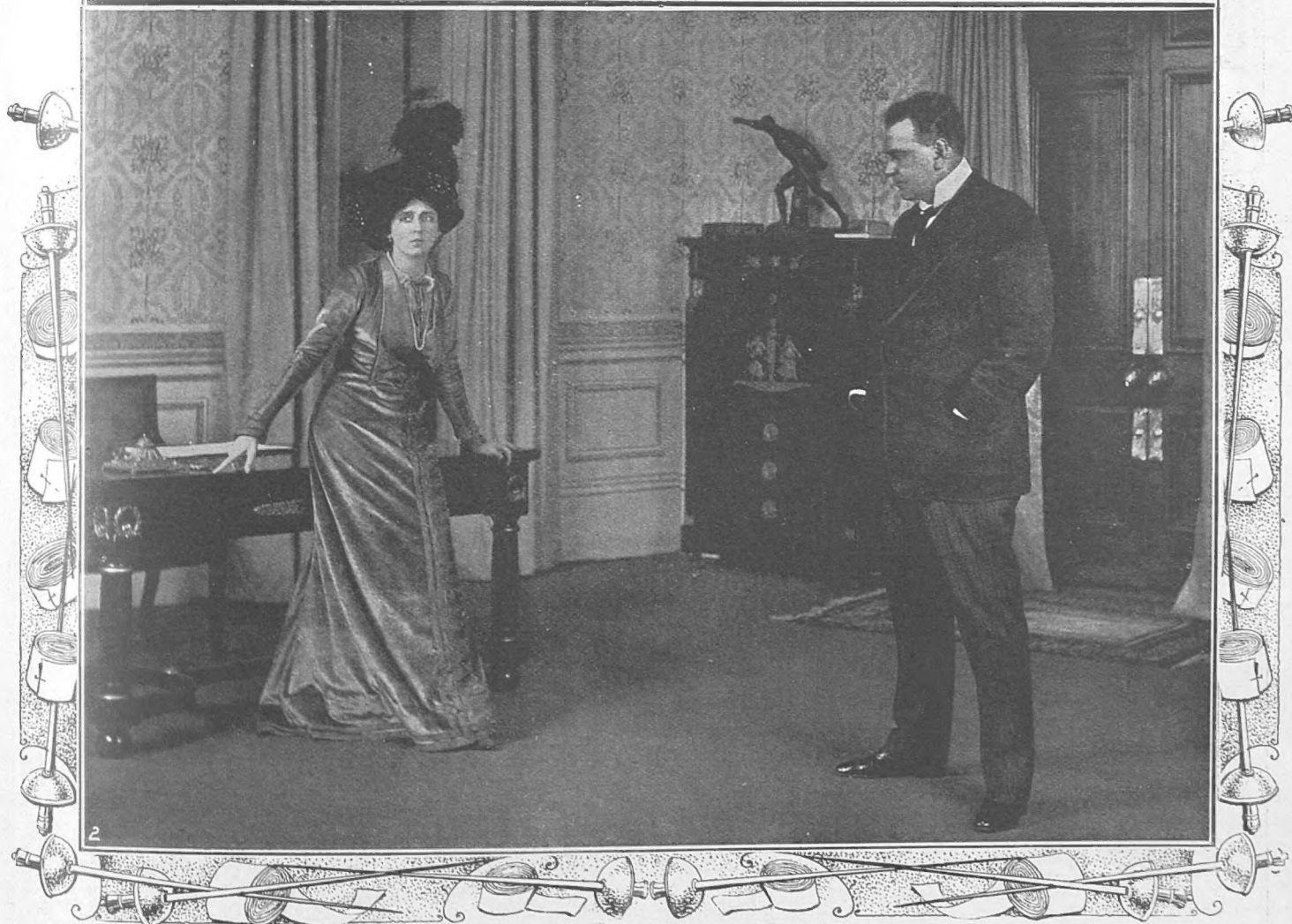
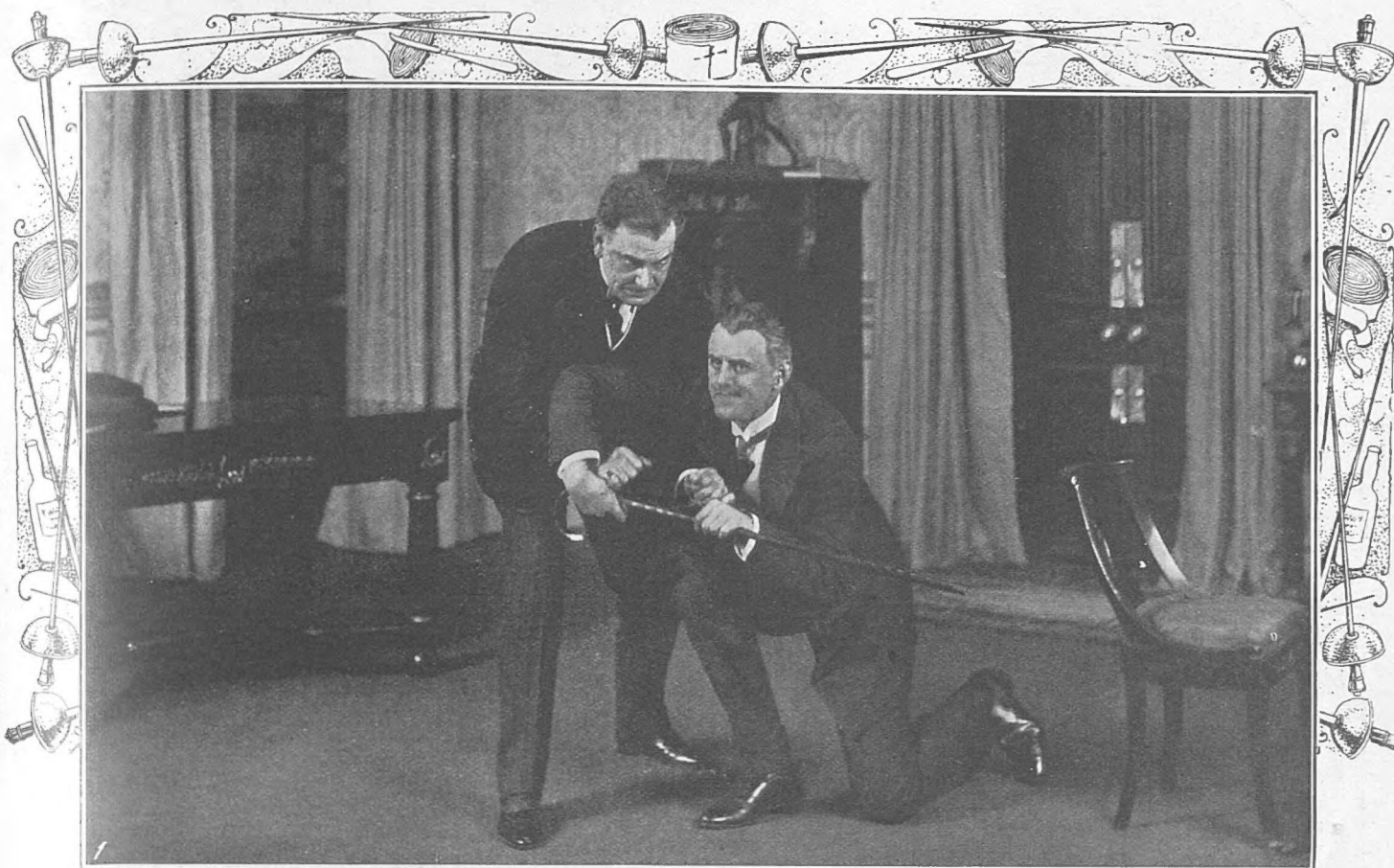
Delights of "Cuckoo."

A kind-hearted journalist, realising that our parlour-games are getting a little worn, has been to the Continent in search of new ones. He found one in Spain called "Cuckoo," and he is naturally anxious that we should try it. "One player," he says, enthusiastically, "sits on a chair with his knees apart and his hands outstretched. In front of him kneels the second player, who holds his head just between the other's knees." This game is sure to be popular among self-conscious young men, especially if the girl they are trying to impress is present. "His object is to raise his head so quickly that it will pass through his opponent's hands. If he can do this without being caught, he cries 'Cuckoo!' and wins." On the other hand, if he cannot do it without being caught, the other player has the satisfaction of boxing his ears in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Our kind-hearted journalist spares us any description of so painful a scene. "An active player," he assures us, "can move so quickly that the hands of his opponent cannot travel fast enough to stop him. Instead of the outstretched hands touching the head, they come together with a sharp clap with nothing between." For my part, I still prefer "Blind Man's Buff." It is so easy to walk out of the room without offending the principal player.

Natty Hats for Natty Men.

The spring, it seems, is to bring with it some charming novelties in the way of male head-gear. One of the neatest of our new hats will be known as the "Cup-and-Saucer." It is to have a square top, a deep, circular, indented crown, and a wide, flexible brim. Hence the name—"Cup-and-Saucer." I trust I am not betraying a confidence in telling you that Mr. Winston Churchill has ordered a dozen—six for himself, three for his private secretary, two for his valet, and one for his chauffeur. The news of the order has already given immense satisfaction in Dundee, the temperance party of that place regarding the change as a direct compliment to their moral and numerical influence. It is hoped that the President of the Board of Trade will presently be photographed in a "Cup-and-Saucer" for the daily papers, his secretary holding his right hand, his valet holding his left hand, and his chauffeur snuggling neatly, with crossed legs, at his feet. Needless to say, all will be wearing "Cups and Saucers." It is rumoured, further, that Mr. Winston Churchill will discard the hard-felt hat this year, partly because they will be worn wider at the top of the crown than "where it joins the brim."

"HE BOWED HIMSELF WITH ALL HIS MIGHT":
 "SAMSON," AT THE GARRICK.



1. JEROME LE GOVAIN, LOVER OF ANNE MARIE BRACHARD, SEEKS TO DRAW A SWORD FROM HIS STICK ON BRACHARD, AND IS PREVENTED.
2. BRACHARD HEARS FROM THE LIPS OF ELISE VERNETTE THE STORY OF THE SUPPER-PARTY TO WHICH GOVAIN TOOK HIS WIFE, AND AT WHICH SHE WAS INSULTED.

Jacques Brachard was a porter at Marseilles. He fought hard and won, became the Copper King, and married Anne Marie d'Andeline, daughter of a Marquis, who was forced to accept him against her will. Jerome Le Govain is her lover, and she takes advantage of her husband's decision to spend a few days in London to be with Govain. As a matter of fact, Brachard, suspecting the state of affairs, has remained at home. Le Govain takes Anne Marie to a supper-party that ends in an orgy, and she arrives home in the early morning, her dress torn and her hand wounded, to be confronted with her husband. Brachard succeeds in getting from her the name of her lover, and then sets out to ruin him, knowing that his fortune depends on the shares that he (Brachard) holds in his hands. In thus ruining his rival, Brachard, like Samson of old, pulls the house about his ears, and ruins himself as well. In the end Brachard, now a poor man, and his wife are reconciled. In the first photograph are Mr. Arthur Bouchier as Jacques Brachard and Mr. Charles Bryant as Jerome le Govain; in the second, Miss Edyth Latimer as Elise Vernette and Mr. Arthur Bouchier.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

PERSONALITIES—AND A PSEUDO-PERAMBULATOR—OF THE WEEK.



SUCCESSOR TO LORD BURTON'S BARONY:
LADY BURTON (THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE
OF DOCHFUR).

The late Lord Burton's barony passes, by special remainder, to his daughter, who, as the Hon. Nellie Lisa Bass, married Mr. James Evan Baillie of Dochfour some fifteen years ago.

Photograph by Thomson.



ON THE "HALLS": M. GEORGE CHRISTIC,
NATURAL SON OF THE LATE KING MILAN
OF SERBIA.

M. Christic made his first appearance as a music-hall performer the other day at Budapest. Included in his repertoire is a song "A Crown in the Pocket is Worth Two on the Head."

Photograph by Herzfeld.



LADY HENRY KNOLLYS (FORMERLY MISS
FLORA GOODEVE), WHOSE MARRIAGE HAS
JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

The wedding of Colonel Sir Henry Knollys to Miss Flora Goodeve, daughter of Mrs. Goodeve, of Collingham Road, S.W., took place on January 20th, and was announced in the papers some days later.

Photograph by Vandyk.



THE "VOTES FOR WOMEN" VALSE: A SCENE AT LAST WEEK'S SUFFRAGETTES' BALL.

The ball was held at 92, Lancaster Gate, in a room specially decorated by Mrs. Laurence Housman. In the foreground of the photograph is Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE PSEUDO-PERAMBULATOR: MONSIEUR, MADAME,
ET BÉBÉ "WALKING OUT."

Our photograph illustrates the latest, and most ingenious, substitute for the perambulator—a portable "hammock." It can be carried with the greatest ease when not wanted.

Photograph by L.N.A.

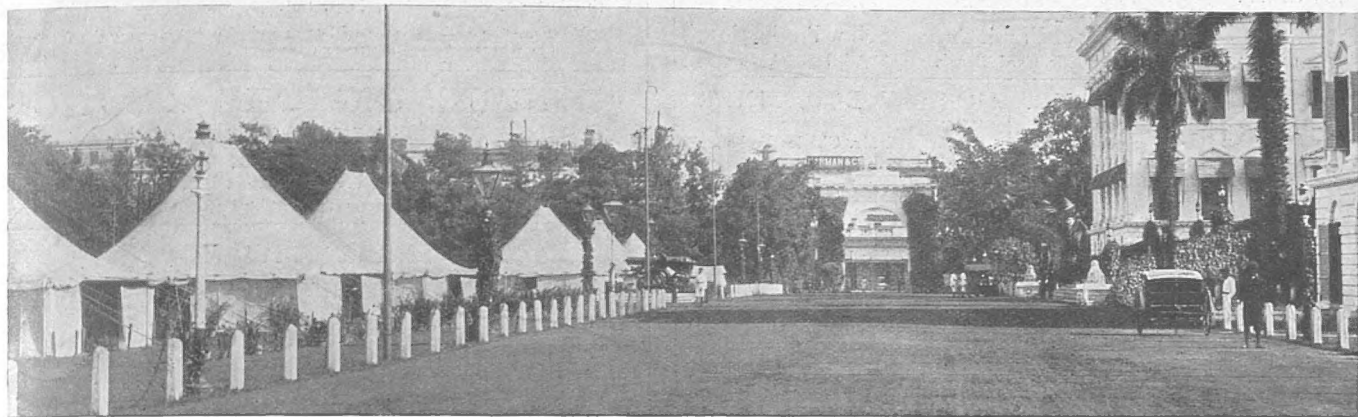


THE LATEST GAIETY MARRIAGE: MRS. G. R. KLOMBIES (MISS ADELINE BALFE)
AND MR. KLOMBIES.

Miss Adeline Balfe, who is playing one of the colleens of the Irish Village in "Our Miss Gibbs," was married to Lieutenant Gerard Randal Klombies, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, a few days ago. Mrs. Klombies is the granddaughter of a clergyman; Mr. Klombies is described as son of a wealthy mill-owner.

Photograph by Bassano.

FITZMAURICE - ELLIOT — ON JAN. 20, AT CALCUTTA.



THE VICEREGAL WEDDING: LADY CHARLES FITZMAURICE (FORMERLY LADY VIOLET ELLIOT) IN HER WEDDING DRESS; AND LORD CHARLES FITZMAURICE — A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

The wedding of Lady Violet Elliot, daughter of Lord Minto, the Viceroy of India, and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, son of Lord Lansdowne, was celebrated in Calcutta Cathedral on Jan. 20, and was the occasion of much ceremony and interest. Not less than a hundred thousand people watched the proceedings in the streets, and the Cathedral itself was full.

The honeymoon is being spent at Barrackpore. The small photograph shows the tents of some of the guests in the grounds of Government House.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

I 'M goin' to be most frightfully rural and clod-hopperish this time, d'y'see. It may be that this is because those two early-worm dears of cousins of mine have tintured me—I say, what words!—with some of their draughtiness. And it may not be. Dunno. Can't say. All I know is that a week of them left me, not played out, as I very naturally expected—oh, bless you, no—but, amazingly enough, in a restless, energetic, devil-may-care, Columbus-like mood, that might either lead into danger or usefulness. Depended entirely on circumstances, and somewhat on the way the wind was blowing. For I'll just drop one concentrated bit of philosophy as I go along. Take it or leave it, as you like.

The wind has far more to do with danger and usefulness than ninety-nine men out of a hundred are aware. I believe I am absolutely right in saying—I say I believe, because, good heavens! how should I know?—that all the big, fine, horrible, hefty deeds of historical jokers were committed when the wind was in the East. I mean stormin' castles, blowin' up gates, chargin' batteries, and all those things. And if Negretti and Zambra had been invented away back in the hot-and-hot days of Romeo and Juliet, and that lot who fell in love and fought about it, and generally made themselves precious uncomfortable by takin' a charmin' hobby seriously, I'm under the impression that they would have been able to say firmly, lookin' at you fixedly, without a suspicion of a blink, that it was all owing to a south-west wind. What?

Well, let's leave it and get on. Anyway, whatever the reason, I fell into a wanderin' mood on Monday. Instead of leavin' my rooms at my usual hour, round about eleven, and goin' for a good stiff walk from the top of St.

James's Street to the corner of Clifford Street and back before lunch—a matter of, so I'm told, quite a thousand yards; at any rate, a blazin' long walk, for which you have to be uncommon fit; I've done it for years, bein' a man who lives simply and who religiously gets to bed by four—I found myself startin' off the other way, going round into Pall Mall, right down Pall Mall, shakin' heads with old pal after old pal—lots of coves about just now—across Trafalgar Square—altered wonderfully since I saw it last, almost out of recognition—along a dark lane with a long name, and what were called hotels on each side, though I thought before I asked that they were prisons, or Government offices, or mansions of the New Rich, until, to my utter surprise, I came suddenly and windily out on to a huge road, running away to the right and left, with what appeared to be, and was, an embankment all along one side. Well, I thought, now I'm in for it. The devil take the hindmost, so to speak. I crossed the road, when I was permitted to do so by the drivers of taxi-cabs and

abortive-lookin' Pullman cars, with another car on top—dams, or trams, or crams—or some such easy-rhymin' name, and, b'Jove and b'George, there was an absolute river, a regular lot of water, all going one way, in precisely the sort of way it does when you read about it. I thought it out, watchin' it carefully.

Of course it was a river. I mean any ass could guess that. The point I wanted to come at with my awakenin' desire for accuracy was *what* river. Do you see? Natural enough, eh? And I said to myself over and over again, "London on the . . . London on the . . ." till I got just a little alarmed. Then I went up to a constable, made a face like a Frenchman, and asked him in Paris English the name of the river. B'Jove, imagine my delight when he told me it was the Thames. London on the Thames. I'd learned that. It all came back to me. I was, I really was, just a bit emotional. Of course, the word Thames was familiar. I've talked about the Thames, the wrong side of the water, and all that. But I had never seen it. What? Think that out. It was off my beat. I don't bathe out of doors, or fish, nor am I a Member of Parliament. The Thames never called to me. Do you see what I mean? But, having found it, b'Jove, it grew on me. I watched it, and walked by it, and really was charmed. It was a misty mornin', if you remember, with a sort of spit of sun that came down every now and then. Buildings on the other side of it loomed up, all soft and blobby. The water, deuced high, flapped and smacked the stonework, and spurted like Cockney waves. Bridges hung in the mist, with clouds cuttin' about round their points.

I may, of course, be fanciful and bizarre. I may even now be sufferin'

from emotion; but, well, I called the whole blessed thing dev'lish picturesque. I was so struck with it—I had no notion that London possessed such a charming place: it's a jolly shame that people don't tell one these things—that I walked on and on, quite pleased with several white-black buildings on the other side of the road, behind bits and pieces of gardens with a band kiosk, that switched me to the Continent. I came to a sort of small ship, called the *Buzzard*, whether after the well-known bird or well-advertised golf-pill there was no one about clever enough to tell me, but round it were flyin'—believe me or not—sea-gulls! My eye, I was pleased. You know, say what you like, there's more in London than meets the eye. We know the town backwards for years, but I'm blessed if I knew that we had such a change-of-air holiday-resort as the Embankment. I see my way to creatin' a sensation. I see my way to makin' a bit of a panic. I shall share my discovery with other civilised people, by Jove. Do you see? 1909 is a big year for us all. That's certain. What?



GISSY: What makes Jimmy howl like that?

TOMMY: You'd make a noise too if you were as full of fiddle-strings.



THE CLUBMAN



THE AGENT PROVOCATEUR—AZEFF'S METHODS.

OF all the callings in the world, that of the "Agent Provocateur" is the most terrible. It says something for the Anglo-Saxon race that we have no exact equivalent for the words in our language. I suppose the "nark"—the thief who exists amongst his brother thieves to give information to the police—is the nearest approach of British origin to the Agent Provocateur, though emissaries who do evil that good may come of it, from the Secret Police point of view, no doubt have their doubly treacherous existence wherever Nihilists and Anarchists have their centres of conspiracy in Great Britain. Few men can say that they know an Agent Provocateur, for directly one of them stands confessed he is a dead man. On no one in the world does vengeance fall so surely, and no one dies so unpitied. Here and there the head of a police bureau may sigh at the loss of a useful tool, when one of these death-dealing spies is condemned and executed by the comrades whom he was prepared to lead to murder in order that they should come into the meshes of the nets of the police; but the world at large, if it hears of the doing to death of one of these scarcely human creatures, treats the matter as it would the news of the killing of some wild beast that lives on the blood of other wild beasts.



THE ARTIST WHO DESIGNED THE SOLANO TARGETS APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE: MISS CORAL HUBUCK.

Miss Hubuck, who is a pupil of Mr. John Hassall, designed the Solano targets that have been approved officially by the War Office. The Solano target was invented to replace the old black-and-white target, and, it is argued, enables rifle practice to take place under conditions approximating to those of war. Mr. Solano is the inventor of the target, and, as we have said, Miss Hubuck has designed examples of it for him. The targets are in the form of painted landscapes, and miniature figures of soldiers in uniforms of the proper colour are placed before them; thus the soldier fires at scenery of natural colours, instead of at black and white.

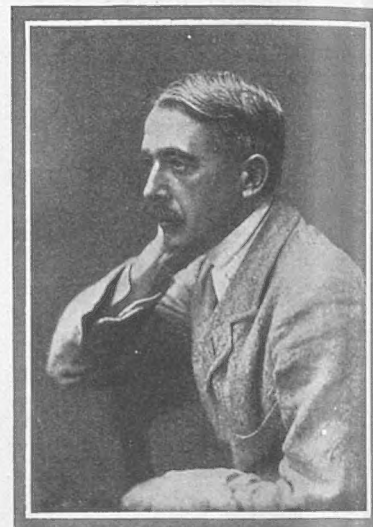
Photograph by Reresford.

the Russian revolutionaries, that generally sits in Paris—has been a prince amongst the Agents Provocateurs, for to save the Highest in the land, he has not hesitated to shed the blood of people very near the throne, as a guarantee to the revolutionaries of his bona fides. He has swept away any rivals in his own horrible trade without mercy, and he has counted as nothing the blood of hundreds of honest citizens, killed that the subscribers to the Terrorist funds might feel that they were obtaining something for their money.

There must have been a grim satisfaction to Azeff, the master traitor, in letting Father Gapon, the picturesque central figure of Red Sunday, follow for a time in his footsteps, and then, when he was becoming a power, saying the word to the Nihilists which drew the wretched priest down from amongst living men, only to be seen again as a corpse swinging from a tree in a garden of the suburbs of St. Petersburg. There must have been a ghoulish joy to the greater criminal in sweeping the lesser one so neatly from his path. Azeff drew a salary as great

as that of a Secretary of State, and he must have had a bodyguard of *âmes damnées*, for his masters feared him. Lopukhin, the ex-head of the Secret Police, looked on his life as gone when Azeff suspected him of betraying him to the Terrorists in Paris, and the official's appeal to the Russian Prime Minister to protect him was one of the most singular written cries of fear ever drawn from a man who knew that Death sat behind him. No doubt, innumerable outrages which Azeff never committed will be laid at his door. It is difficult to believe that even the Russian Secret Police, who are more cold-blooded in their methods than those of any other European Power, should have allowed the Grand Duke Sergius to be murdered in order that Azeff could establish his authority absolutely over the revolutionaries by a successful shedding of royal blood, and that M. de Plehve was sent to be slaughtered for very much the same reasons; but the blood of both of these great personages is said to have been the price paid for putting Azeff into a position where he would know every move made against the Tsar's life. That Azeff encouraged the members of the Duma who were foolish enough to join a conspiracy, and who were imprisoned or banished, there seems little doubt, and probably he delighted in their downfall.

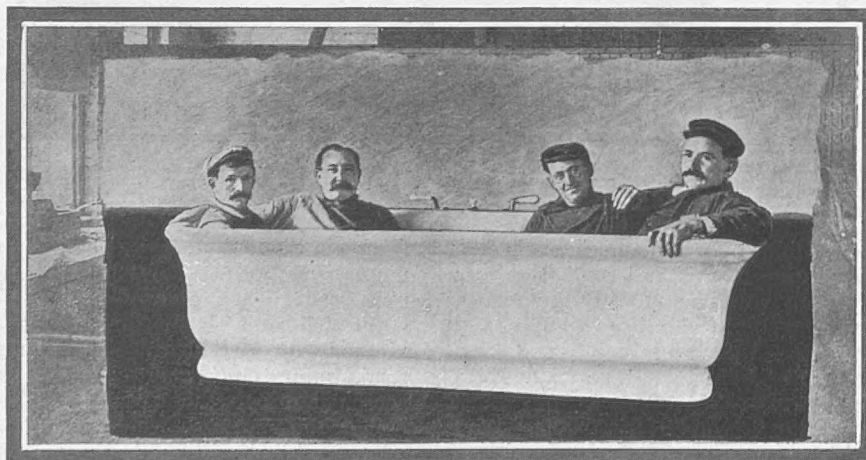
There was a special neatness in the way in which Azeff saved the life of M. Durnovo while apparently assisting to the best of his ability in the attempt to murder him. Azeff knew M. Durnovo well by sight, and to help in the good cause volunteered to point him out to Mlle. Leontieff. It was poor M. Müller's bad luck that he should be travelling in Switzerland and that he should



"A PATRIOT": MAJOR GUY LOUIS BUSSON DU MAURIER, AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."

As we note under our illustrations, "An Englishman's Home," has caused a great sensation. Its author chooses to be known on the programme merely as "A Patriot." Before his identity was disclosed, many guesses of the wildest kind were made as to the name of the author of the play, amongst those mentioned being Mr. J. M. Barrie, Major Drury, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier. Major du Maurier is the son of Du Maurier the artist and the author of "Trilby," and the brother of Mr. Gerald du Maurier, who produced the piece. He is at present stationed in South Africa.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE TAFT-SIZE BATH: THE GREAT TUB MADE FOR THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF AMERICA.

Mr. Taft is no ordinary man in several senses. For one thing, he is a good deal bulkier than many of his fellows. Consequently, this large bath, which will hold four comfortably, has been made for him. The affair is 7 ft. 1 in. long, 41 in. wide, and weighs a ton. It is exactly half as large again as the ordinary bath of commerce.—[Photograph by Bolak.]

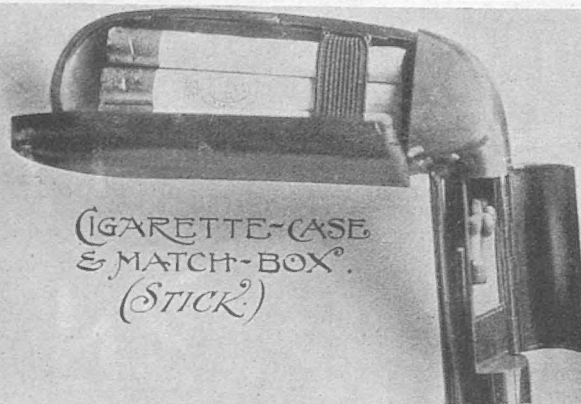
somewhat resemble M. Durnovo. The latter, who was in the secret of Azeff's dual occupation, had to be saved, but an uninterfered-with attempt had to be made on his life. Azeff pointed out Müller to Mlle. Leontieff, and she attacked him, thinking that she was "removing" Durnovo. These tricks of Azeff's trade explain why Lopukhin, in his prison, still fears the man he is said to have betrayed, and is so apprehensive that his jailers may poison his food that everything he eats and drinks is prepared by his own family and is sent into the prison in sealed vessels. Azeff is said to be an adept in disguises, and can pass for a woman when it pleases him to do so. It may be that at the present moment, as a waitress in some revolutionary café, he is catching stray words of conversation concerning the means by which he is to be trapped and what his punishment will be when he is in the hands of his executioners.

PORTMANTEAUX AS WALKING-STICKS:

LUGGAGE AS CANES AND UMBRELLAS.



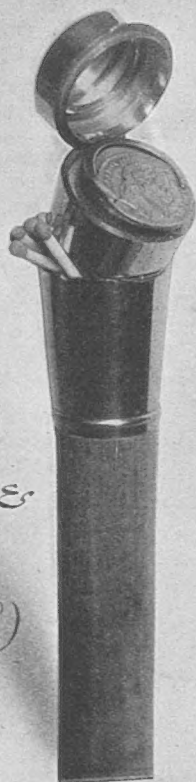
LIP-SALVE,
LOOKING-GLASS, &
POWDER-PUFF.
(UMBRELLA.)



(CIGARETTE-CASE
& MATCH-BOX.
(STICK.)



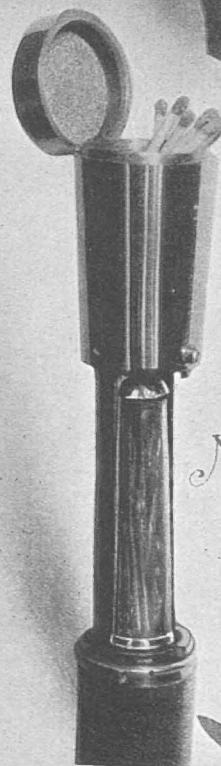
POWDER-PUFF
& SCENT-
-BOTTLE.
(UMBRELLA.)



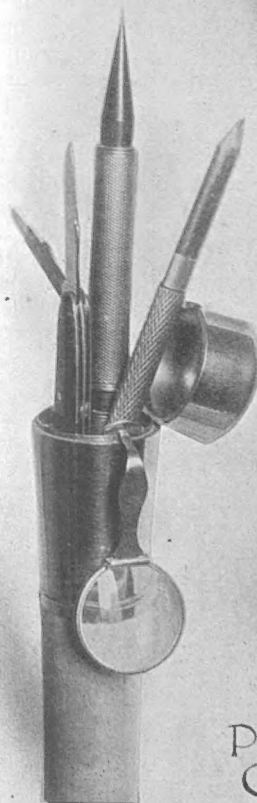
MATCH-BOX &
SOVEREIGN-
-PURSE.
(STICK.)



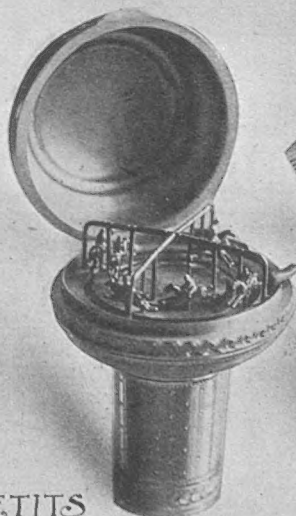
ROULETTE.
(UMBRELLA.)



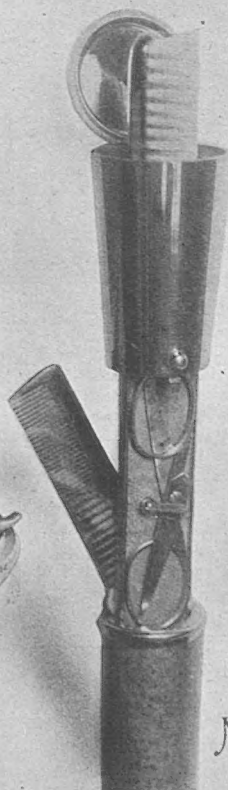
MATCH-BOX &
CIGAR-
-HOLDER.
(STICK.)



PETITS
CHEVAUX.
(UMBRELLA.)
STYLOGRAPHIC PEN,
PENCIL, PEN-KNIFE, &
MAGNIFYING-GLASS. (STICK.)



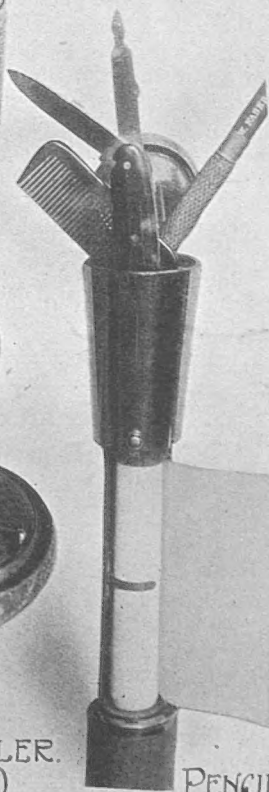
SCISSORS, COMB,
MIRROR, AND
MOUSTACHE-BRUSH.
(STICK.)



MECHANICAL
FORTUNE-TELLER.
(UMBRELLA.)



PENCIL,
PEN-KNIFE, COMB,
LOOKING-GLASS, &
ROLL OF NOTE-PAPER (STICK.)



There are some captious people, perhaps, who would have preferred us to describe these novelties as "walking-sticks as portmanteaux," rather than as "portmanteaux as walking-sticks." Judging by the elaborate nature of the articles carried, however, it seems to us that these should take precedence over the stick or the umbrella, which surely will be carried only for what it carries.

Photographs by Topical.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
OF SCOTTISH HOSTESSES: LADY
SINCLAIR.

Before her marriage to Sir John Sinclair, who is a cousin of the new Peer, Lady Sinclair was Miss Edith Dunbar, a soldier's daughter. She is a fine horsewoman and a keen golf-player. She had an anxious time when her husband went out with the Imperial Yeomanry to South Africa, but she must have felt proud of him indeed when he was mentioned in despatches and commended for his gallantry.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

afford. His only defect is, at moments, a rather too rapid speech, so that his hearers are apt to remonstrate: "Jockey of Norfolk, not so fast!" The Rothschild association with the Duke reminds one of a delightful tale of tolerance I once heard in a Dutch town. The Roman Catholic church was burnt down; the Jews, in sympathy, rebuilt it; and the Christians, not to be outdone, dedicated it to Moses.

Shamrocks and Emeralds.

The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel has not gone into mourning over the Lost Purse, but has appeared these last days in favourite greys and pearls. Even if the stolen property is not recovered, Bond Street, in which the purse was stolen, may perhaps supply one very like it. I hope Sir Thomas Lipton will not begin to think the name of Shamrock unlucky, now that ill-fortune has befallen a purse adorned with shamrocks in jewels, which was in some sense a souvenir of Mrs. Keppel's presence at one of the famous races for the Cup that both

MR. Alfred de Rothschild has lent his private band to discourse music in the intervals of an address on Socialism to be delivered in the Queen's Hall early in March by Father Bernard Vaughan. The proceeds of the double entertainment are to be given to the Roman Catholic "settlements" in the South and East of London conducted by Lady Edmund Talbot and others. The Duke of Norfolk will take the chair, and no better chairman than he can London



DIANA—OF THE BATH CLUB: LADY CONSTANCE
STEWART-RICHARDSON.

Perhaps the keenest traveller among Society women is Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, the only sister of Lady Cromartie, and famed as a dancer and a swimmer as well as a sportswoman. Both her husband's Highland home and her own London flat are filled with trophies of Lady Constance's prowess with gun and rod at home and abroad. She is now starting for the Congo, where she hopes to get plenty of big game.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

cheers and intoxicates two nations. Ladies who go out in fogs should take the hint and leave their jewels behind; and if they carry five-pound notes in their purses, other notes, of more than money value, should remain safely locked in the escritoire at home.

Loss and Gain.

Discretion and a little fortune being the better parts of valour, Admiral Sir John Fisher is hardly to be consoled with on the nominal loss of a son. But the saving of appearances—if, indeed, they were again calling out for a rescue—was only a side-issue in

the conditioning of the late Mr. Josiah Vavasour's will, by which Mr. Cecil Fisher benefits by a large number of shares in the firm of Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., a firm of which Mr. Vavasour was a director, and by other more valuable property not immediately connected with the manufacture of engines of naval warfare. By the conditions of the will Mr. Cecil Fisher must take the surname of Vavasour before he holds shares

in the firm that gives the support of un-

surpassed mechanism to Sir John's command of the sea.

The Perspiring A.D.C.s.

The unveiling yesterday by Sir Evelyn Wood of a memorial to Sir William Howard Russell was the occasion of many underground and whispered congratulations, for yesterday Sir Evelyn entered his seventy-second year. It is, perhaps, no compliment to tell the Field-Marshal that he is the best lawn-tennis player of his age, but so he certainly is, and one of the rigours of winter in his eyes is that for exercise he must unveil memorials instead of engaging in a fierce set of singles with his Aide. Indeed, the position of Aide to Sir Evelyn is not looked upon as one of the Army's sinecures, for it is a greater tax to be at his service on the lawn for a couple of hours than to attend to even that disciplinarian, Lord Kitchener, for a whole afternoon in his study.

Jack and Jack.

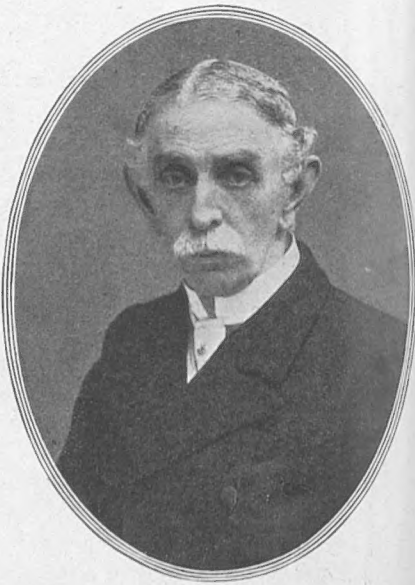
There has been another Jack besides "Jack" Stirling talked about of late. Mr. David Jack, known as "the Land



TO MAKE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN
LONDON AS AN AMATEUR ACTRESS:
THE HON. MRS. EDWARD STONOR.

Mrs. Stonor will make her first appearance in London as an amateur actress at the Queen's Theatre on the 18th, on the occasion of the Special Matinée in aid of the Royal Ear Hospital.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN MAUD'S
COMPTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD:
COLONEL SIR HENRY KNOLLYS.

Sir Henry, whose marriage to Miss Flora Goodeve was announced the other day, is Comptroller of the Household to the Queen of Norway. He was born in 1840.

Photograph by Langflier.

A HUMAN TIGER: A BLACK-AND-YELLOW DEVOTEE.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



A MAHOMETAN AS A TIGER: THE SHOOTING OF THE "BEAST"—AN INCIDENT AT A MUHARRAM FESTIVAL.

During the Mahometan feast of Muharram a number of the devotees taking part in the procession paint themselves black and yellow, and pose as tigers. These "tigers" are often drawn from the men of local regiments. They precede the biers of silver tinsel that are so necessary a part of the proceedings, carrying wooden staves and dancing. Before the houses of wealthy Mahometans they indulge in mimic fights. It is seldom that a Muharram festival passes off without some real fighting, and the celebration of the other day was no exception. Afghans ambushed the party of celebrants, and there was a tussle, in which an Indian was killed and several on both sides were injured.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



CAPTAIN INNES, D.S.O., OF ROFFEY PARK, HORSHAM, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARJORIE ROBARTES.

Photograph by Lafayette.

once beguiled—if only once—into obliging a friend with her “confessions,” and among them are remembered the following ingenious answers: favourite poet, Byron; hero, Wellington; painter, Sir Joshua; virtue, Charity; amusement, “driving my ponies”; occupation, reading aloud; her chief ambition, “not to be fast”; and chief dislike, “none.” Those confessions were made thirty years ago; may she still have no chief dislikes.

The Three Ks. The German Empress is not precisely popular only because she has chosen to be inconspicuous. It is known at Berlin that if she liked shadow she had it for many years, and that the shadow was that of her mother-in-law. The more salient qualities of the late Empress Frederick inevitably took the public attention, whether for praise or criticism. Both ladies worked for the poor with their needles and their brains; but of the two the elder took the lead, and many friends of the younger thought it a pity that her admirable character should seem so ineffective. The three famous feminine German Ks, which are three English Cs—church, children, and cookery—comprise the chief, but not the whole, of her Majesty's interests.

“My Dukedom for a Hat.” The “Spains’” visit to the Duke of Santoña's place near

Madrid is the second they have paid, for they went to enjoy that gentleman's shooting and his rare English at the same season

two years ago. The Duke of Santoña has various ties with London, where he has lived off and on, and where he has learned to regard himself almost as much as a countryman of Queen Victoria Eugénie as of King Alfonso. There are a number of legends as to the creation of the Dukedom of Santoña, and, if one of these is to be believed, the paper-boy who, as was gravely reported during the King of Spain's last visit to England, picked up the hat that Boreas

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

LORD CREWE, who is, after all, of the King's Berlin party, is too keen a collector of autographs in the most interesting sense to carry an album in his portmanteau. Nor will the Kaiser have to be protected against that departed friend, a “confession book,” in which the good-natured imbecilities of the celebrated were once stored. It

is said that Queen Alexandra was

had unkindly removed from the royal head in Piccadilly, should have been rewarded with, at the least, a Spanish order of knighthood.

“Wellington—Coats.” Everybody agrees that Miss Maudie

Coats will make a delightful Duchess when her turn comes. For the present, as Marchioness of Douro and the

daughter of a million-
aire, she will

have plenty of scope for the exercise of her remarkable social qualities. No girl of the day is more popular among her friends; and the slightly decadent air which some people discover in the Sargent portrait is by no means to be read into the face of the original. The future Lady Douro loves art and loves music; and her natural kindness will find some satisfaction in the handsome present she makes of herself and of her dowry to her husband. Lord Douro has not had quite the military career of the great Duke, whose attitude to the first Lord Douro, his own son, was that of the strictest martinet. On one occasion, when all his fellow-officers except himself were invited to dinner at Walmer by the old Duke, the reason for the exclusion was found to be that Lord Douro had not left his visiting-card at the Castle.

The Thread of Destiny.

Miss Maud Coats has been a familiar and very attractive figure, not only at the parties of her own particular household, in Hill Street, but also at Lady Glen-Coats' own particular receptions. Lord Douro, who is thirty-three, was liked at Cambridge and in his regiment, and is a fair guide to the pictures at Apsley House; but his great achievement is the interweaving of Coats's thread with the rather spun-out wire that has reached him from the Iron Duke.

Women and—Water.

Bridgwater House sounds an appropriately named meeting-place for the temperance reformers who lately addressed a meeting there. Lady Ellesmere asked her friends to come to hear the masculinely surnamed Dr. Mary Boyd and Miss Mary Johnson; and the Bishop of London was invited to pop round from St. James's Square. Royalty was not counted upon, as it always is by long tradition in the case of dances given at Ellesmere House—one of the few great houses in London where a day and a night porter render unnecessary the issue of latch-keys.

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MISS MARJORIE ROBARTES, NIECE OF LORD BARRINGTON, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN INNES.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A FUTURE IRISH COUNTESS: MISS PELHAM BURN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LORD DROGHEDA WILL TAKE PLACE NEXT MONTH.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A NOTED IRISH BEAUTY: LADY CROFTON (FORMERLY MISS MARGARET IRBY).

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



GLADSTONE'S FAVOURITE GRANDDAUGHTER GROWN UP: MISS DOROTHY DREW.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

GROW METAL ORNAMENTS IN YOUR GARDEN!

NATURE IN A BRONZE PRISON.



1. A METAL CANDLESTICK MADE FROM ACTUAL CARNATION-SPRAYS, A DRAGON-FLY, AND A VINE-LEAF.

2. REAL ROSES TRANSFORMED INTO METAL HAT-PINS.

3. A REAL ROSE AND A REAL CARNATION TURNED INTO METAL.

A French scientist has discovered that he can metallise flowers, fruit, and insects. At the moment only roses are being metallised for commercial purposes, but there seems scarcely any limit to the possibilities of the process. Metal candelabra, for instance, may be made from real flowers metallised, and other metal ornaments from a combination of flowers and fruit and insects. Gold, silver, and bronze have all been used with success. It is said that the method employed is not in the least akin to that which merely places a deposit of metal on the exterior of a vegetable substance. The flower, fruit, or insect is actually transformed.

Photographs by Hall.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Honourable))

"THE CHIEF OF STAFF"—"SAMSON"—"DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF"—"THE FLAG-LIEUTENANT."

IN the two novelties of the past week there is not very much joy for the critic. Both reek of the theatre. Mr. Ronald MacDonald bears an honoured name. As a new dramatist his capacity can hardly be gauged by "The Chief of Staff," the new work at the Lyric. He has been content to take stage types, and make them talk in stage idioms. His central figure is merely the "leading man" part, in which Mr. Waller has spent much of the last ten years on the stage. One can grow a little tired of the English gentleman of family who has left his country under a cloud, though his conduct really has been admirable, whose soul is rich and generous and full of courage. The misfortune for the young author is that this class of play demands very clever construction. We seemed to have all the materials for a series of thrilling situations: the hero aforesaid, as Chief of a South American army suppressing rebellions; an elderly Spanish President suspicious of his beautiful young wife and prompt with his revolver; the infatuation of the young wife for the hero; the aversion at first sight between heroine and hero, and, in addition, Anarchists, Revolutionaries, spies, traitors, telephones, soldiers, and guns galore; yet a great part of the play consisted of long conversations, and the incidents are not numerous. Of course, the conversations can be cut, and it may be possible to introduce new incidents, and in particular one that may help us to understand the stage psychology of the President's wife. That she and the President loved one another intensely, yet each believed that there was a feeling of aversion in the other, is quite in accordance with theatrical tradition; but that "without prejudice" to her devotion to her husband she should hurl herself at the hero's heart and offer him her favours, and soon after continue to be passionately devoted to the husband and able to obliterate from her mind the recollections of her attempt upon the hero's virtue, is rather much, even for melodrama. However, the author gives one new twist, for by all the traditions of this kind of play, the spurned lady's passion should have turned to hate of the hero; but it did not.

Some gift for inventing incident and writing dialogue effective, if too diffuse, and for presenting stage characters, is exhibited by Mr. MacDonald. There was nothing exactly wonderful in the acting: Mr. Lewis Waller presented the hero successfully in his popular fashion; Miss Evelyn d'Alroy acted quite nicely as the heroine; Miss Auriol Lee really gave a touch of passion and character to the wife of the President, and he was skilfully rendered by Mr. Haviland. Mr. Shiel Barry played cleverly as a treacherous Anarchist, and Miss Madge Titheradge as a fierce Spanish maid.

"Samson" has had a big success in Paris, and also in the States, so I have been told. But what about London? I wonder. Will the ladies understand and enjoy the talk about "bearing" and

"bulling" which precedes the sensational scene of the play; will men overlook the fact that, so far as can be seen, Brachard could have ruined his enemy without ruining himself? One has to forgive a great deal in order to be satisfied by the cleverly written, powerfully played sensation; and by the humours of Anne Marie's family—for there is not much else in the play. Certainly it is long since we have had anything as brutal and strong as the scene brilliantly played by Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Bryant. What a pity it leads to such an anti-climax as the fourth act and the ridiculous happy ending!

To the close observer, the last ten minutes are the most entertaining of the play, for it is very interesting to watch a clever dramatist trying to accomplish the impossible and convert in ten minutes the physical aversion of a sensitive girl of family for her vulgar, gutter-born husband into genuine conjugal love. Shakespeare tackled something like this in a famous scene in "Richard III.," which came surprisingly close to success; but Mr. Bernstein is not a Shakespeare—is merely an adroit, superficial playwright who manoeuvres familiar stage-types with remarkable ingenuity.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier had quite a triumph as Brachard; Mr. Bryant made the hit of his life in the part of the wife's lover; and Miss Edyth Latimer played excellently as a young widow, ill-treated by the villain. The humours were left mainly to Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who presented a fairly novel kind of a young Parisian rake very cleverly and divertingly; whilst Mr. Arthur Whitby acted amusingly as his weak-minded, pompous father.

The name of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier is much in the air as the producer of his brother's play, "An Englishman's Home," but his place in "What Every Woman Knows" has been sometimes vacant, and so a chance was given to Mr. Robert Horton of present-

ing John Shand, and he, by an able, sincere performance of the pawky railway porter, did great credit to himself. It would be a good thing for our stage if leading players were compelled to take occasional little holidays during long runs, so as to give the young ones an opportunity.

Both "The Flag-Lieutenant" and "Dolly Reforming Herself" reached century-points last week, and seem none the worse for their exertions. The bright, breezy naval piece is going to be one of the biggest successes in the career of the popular Cyril Maude, and "Dolly" is one of the most amusing works of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The former is quite a joy to young people as well as their elders; the latter, it must be admitted, appeals chiefly to the sophisticated—of whom there are many. In each case there are performances that would be quite creditable to any stage, although we are constantly being told that the dramatists languish because our British players are incompetent to present the native drama.



EVERY SEAT ITS OWN SAFE-DEPOSIT: LADIES LEAVING THEIR HATS
IN A SPECIAL CLOAK-ROOM AT THE BERLINER THEATRE.

In an endeavour to solve the matinee-hat problem, the Berliner Theatre is providing a new cloak-room for its lady patrons. In this each fair wearer of a matinee hat can lock this up herself, and so ensure its safety.

THE WITH - AND - WITHOUT DRESS — WHITE AND BLACK.



THE BEST DRESS FOR LADY SKI-RUNNERS — WITH AND WITHOUT SKIRT.

The dress is so made that it can be worn with and without the skirt, as may seem desirable. The lady ski-runner can leave her hotel in the skirt of convention, and indulge in the sport in the more rational, if less conventional, dress.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The West in the East.

We shall all be very glad to welcome Dr. Sven Hedin to London for his lecture to-morrow, but we can hardly hope to live up to the reception which, on his own showing, he was accorded in Japan. No more glowing appreciation of his personal triumph could have been written than that with which the traveller has favoured the *Times*. Royal visits and the stay of the American fleet in Japanese ports pale in comparison with the general veneration which the intrepid voyageur excited in the land of our allies. The Prince of Wales and his late brother had experiences in Japan which, by contrast, were quite humdrum. The Prince found pleasure not in the post-prandial orations, but at their absence. He was young enough then to experience paramount delight in the performances of the jugglers and wrestlers, and described with supreme satisfaction his interview with the grave and stately Court Chamberlain of the period, who, when visitors were not on hand, stripped to the skin and went at it hammer and tongs in wrestling bouts with his lord, master, and friend, the Mikado himself.



THE DISCARDED COFFIN OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES": THE CASKET THAT WAS TO HAVE BEEN THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF DARWIN.

At Farnborough is shown the plain oak coffin which Darwin, then on his death-bed, ordered John Lewis, the village carpenter of Downe, to make for him. The scientist's body lay in it for over thirty-one hours, when, in view of the decision to bury his remains in Westminster Abbey, it was discarded for a leaden coffin. When photographed the coffin was for sale.—[Photograph by Twycross.]

on beatings with hammers, boiling in iron pots, dieting on red-hot balls of iron, or immersion in a river flowing with streams of keen-edged razors.

To Whom the Gods are Good.

It was a happy idea of an American showman to offer President Roosevelt £60,000 to enter the show-ring for a short period. The astute entertainer might have offered six times the sum, perfectly certain that his proposal would have been refused. His gratuitous advertisement would have been proportionately greater. Had the offer been genuine, it would have been a safe one, for America, in spite of her recent slump, is paying terrific prices now. A prominent solicitor has, until recently, been drawing £25,000 a year from one corporation, and considers himself small potatoes beside the chief engineer to the Guggenheim Company, into whose pocket goes a cheque yearly for £100,000 from the good people for whom he

scent out gold. There are three doctors in New York making, it is said, £25,000 a year per man, while the operatic and theatrical artists who have benefited by the recent boom are drawing anything from the £40,000 a year of Caruso down to a beggarly £150 a week paid to English music-hall artists who do not set the Thames on fire when at home.

Art for Art's Sake?

is to have £100 a week for a minimum term of eight weeks at one of the halls when "Pinkie and the Fairies" shuts down. Patti can tell of solid gains netted in this country, though she points to Monte Video as the crowning height of her earning powers. There she twice had £1200 a night during two consecutive seasons of sixty nights each. The law and art pay, on the whole, best in England. Browning was once present in the house of a famous surgeon, when an exalted person asked—without reference to present company, of course—what a leading surgeon would make. "About £15,000 a year," was the answer. Next a leading counsel was asked what a great man at the Bar would get. "I suppose, Sir, about £25,000 would hit the mark," said the lawyer. Millais was next questioned as to the rewards of art. "Possibly £35,000 a year," he said, answering for successful artists. "Oh, come, come," retorted the questioner. "Well, Sir," replied Millais, "as a matter of fact, last year I made £40,000, and might have made more had I not taken a longer holiday than usual." A successful dramatist in the witness-box might make the income-tax collector prick up his ears.

Godiva's Rival.

It was distinctly unkind that the gallant Captain of the steam-ship *Drake* should have the clothes stolen which had been presented to him in exchange for those that he had given to sufferers by the earthquake at Messina. However, it might have been worse; he might have had no others handy when those were taken. That would only have left him in a plight similar to that in which the late Sir Robert Peel found himself when maintaining our national rights at Berne. He was out riding on a hot day. Coming to the river Aar, he found the temptation to swim irresistible. Hitching up his horse, he disrobed and plunged into the stream. When he came out he found that some varlet had made off with his clothes. His horse remained, not to be used as a garment, of course, but to be bestridden. And bestridden it was by the hardy diplomat, who rode into Berne adorned with no more than the expression of merriment which suffused the after-dinner features of the immortal tiger of Riga.



HOW YOU GET YOUR LUMP OF SUGAR IN PARIS: SUGAR SERVED IN A SPECIAL PACKET FOR EACH CUP OF COFFEE.

It has become the custom on the Continent for the cafés to serve their sugar in small packets, each packet containing two of the long flat lumps. The method ensures the cleanliness of the sugar, and is certainly a considerable improvement upon that which leaves the sugar in an open basin as a recreation-ground for flies.



THE LARGEST WINE-TANK IN THE WORLD: THE STORING-PLACE OF HALF-A-MILLION GALLONS.

The tank is at Asti, California, and is the property of the Italian-Swiss Agricultural Colony. It is 84 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 25 feet deep, and holds 500,000 gallons. On one occasion, when it stood empty, it was lit by electricity, and 100 couples danced in it to the music of a military band.—[Photograph by Inkersley.]

Great British Industries — Duly Protected.

(SECOND SERIES.)



I.—IN THE JUGGING-PITS OF A HARE FARM.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



FROM time to time there has been recorded on this page some incident in which the effect sought was marred by the actor, the scene-shifter, or some other functionary connected with the stage. Miss Clare Greet, who has lately been appearing in "Hannele" at the Afternoon Theatre matinées, was not very long ago the victim of such a contretemps. She was playing in Manchester in a one-act piece called "Gentlemen of the Road," by Mr. Charles McEvoy. In the play a motor-car figured largely, and in it Miss Greet, Mr. Charles Charrington, and Mr. Charles Bibby had to make their exit. The stage was very small, and as it was impossible for the whole of the car to come on, turn round, and go off, as it ought to have done, a compromise had to be arranged by altering the text and insisting that the car was backing down the lane instead of going down in the ordinary way. By this device the bonnet part of the car was got rid of, and the tonneau only was seen. This was put on one of the large trolleys porters use for carrying passengers' luggage at the railway stations, while a long handle was attached to it, by which the stage hands pushed it on and pulled it off the stage. To make it the proper height, the trolley had to be built up with packing-cases. At first, the contraption worked with the utmost success. One night, however, there came a catastrophe. Miss Greet and Mr. Charrington had safely taken their places in it, and were waving their farewells, when, in accordance with the arranged "business," Mr. Bibby jumped in as they were about to be pulled off. The balance of the car was wrongly distributed; for, the moment the thing began to move, the tonneau tipped up sharply on end, and landed all three actors in a heap on the floor. As Miss Greet has described it, there was "a huddled mass of Charrington, packing-cases, Greet, and Bibby"! When Miss Greet looked up, she saw, throwing dignified somersaults over their heads, the amazed chauffeur, who eventually landed in the centre of the stage in a sitting position, with something more than surprise written large over his countenance. The whole thing was so sudden, so unexpected, that, forgetful entirely of her part, Miss Greet sat on the floor and howled with laughter, in

which the audience joined with considerable unction. Subsequently, she heard that many of them thought it was a clever bit of stage-management, which had been carefully rehearsed, and in proof of this they applauded so vehemently that Miss Greet thought the curtain-calls would never stop.

The advantages of the small cast of "The Mollusc," which were everywhere commented on at the time of its production at the Criterion, have once more been abundantly demonstrated by its return from a decidedly unusual tour to be undertaken by English actors.

This was through Switzerland. The conductors of the interesting experiment were Mr. Athol Stewart—who was specially engaged by Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore to play the former's part when

They all describe acting in the mountains as a wonderful experience, though sometimes the journeys they had to take were tremendous. The tour started at Montreux, and included, among other places, Lausanne, Villars, Engelberg, Grindelwald, Montana, and St. Moritz.

During one of the journeys on a mountain railway, while they were crawling down from a height which made one giddy to look at, Mr. Athol Stewart was surprised at seeing something very bulky and black go bounding over the edge of the precipice, and, after performing all sorts of gyrations, finally settle to rest among some rocks many feet below. The next moment one of the ladies of the company seized him, crying: "Stop the train! My hat-box! my hat-box! It is gone!" Before Mr. Stewart, however, could move to take any steps to relieve the tension of the situation and the lady's feelings, the guard had stopped the train; and, like a hero of popular melodrama saving beauty in

distress, had dashed to the rescue of the hat-box, and, incidentally, waist-deep into the snow. He climbed skilfully to where the errant hat-box lay, exhausted after its fall, and, amid the cheers of the travellers and to the great relief of its owner, he dragged the precious package up from the gorge and placed it more securely in the luggage-van, which, it appeared, was open. In taking a particularly sharp curve in the line the truck had swerved and the box had been dislodged.

By the way, among Mr. Stewart's experiences is a story of a delightful malapropism, which was spoken to him during a visit to New York. An English actor, whose name, for obvious reasons, may not be published, was describing to him the remarkable success he had recently made in a certain play, with the happy result that he was able to pick, choose, and refuse his parts. "In fact," he said in an outburst of confidence, "I have just come into the city to see a manager who is so keen on my playing the leading part in the play he is casting that he has given me *bête noire* to do what I like with it."

In reviving "Hamlet" at the Shaftesbury this week, Mr. H. B. Irving has made an interesting departure. He has doubled the parts of the Ghost and the First Actor, and no playgoer needs reminding that the First Actor assumes the part of the King in the play which is acted before the Court, and is the embodiment of Hamlet's father. This gives a splendid chance to Mr. Frank Cochrane, who is enabled to show his skill as an elocutionist and to demonstrate to greater advantage than he has hitherto been able the possession of an admirable voice as well as distinct histrionic gifts. Not very long ago, while playing the Ghost in one of the chief provincial towns, Mr. Cochrane made a curious perversion of the text, for instead of saying, "The glowworm shows the matin to be near," he startled himself by declaiming, "The matin shows the glowworm to be near," though probably not a single member of the audience noticed the slip.



A PRETTY AMATEUR: MISS H. M. BOULTON AS HERSLIE IN "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT," IN THE PRODUCTION OF THAT WORK BY THE LINCOLN AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY.

Photograph by Harrison.

the piece went on tour in the provinces last year—and Mr. Nigel Playfair. The other members of the company were Miss May Martyn (Mrs. Nigel Playfair) and Miss Lilius Waldegrave, who has been acting the governess, Miss Roberts, for some time.



A FAIR ACTRESS AS A DUSKY BEAUTY: MISS MARGARET FRASER AS TIGER LILY IN "PETER PAN."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

A HORRIBLE POSSIBILITY.



THE VOICE BELOW: Now, then, Sam, come on with it!

SAM (*indignantly*): Yus, I *don't* fink. An' wot if the dinner-whistle wuz ter blow when I was 'arf-way acrost?

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I HAVE received a new magazine, called the *Englishwoman*, published by Grant Richards, which seems to me an excellent shilling's-worth. It is a magazine with a purpose, being produced to further the cause of women's franchise, but that should not put you off. In fact, it should put you on, so to speak, whether you approve of the purpose or not.

For myself, I confess that particular cause does not excite me. As a statesman, I think that a good case is made out for women having a vote in Parliamentary elections, while I do not think it will make anything like the difference the advocates and opponents seem to imagine; but as a man, I am rather wearied with the arguments. Nevertheless, I repeat that zeal for a cause—whether the reader approves or not—is a point in favour of a new magazine, and that for a good reason, which, as you have not heard it, I shall now proceed to relate.

in my time was the *National Observer*, and Mr. Henley was first of all keen about exalting what he thought good, and abasing what he thought bad in literature. But any cause is better than none, and I congratulate Mrs. Grant Richards, who edits the *Englishwoman*, on having a cause to inspire her efforts, even though it is one which leaves me cold, or at least tepid.

I make no apology for this little bit of serious criticism, although I know I am expected to be as light in hand as possible in *The Sketch*. There is no inevitable antagonism between liking an occasional dose of serious criticism and liking to look at pictures of pretty ladies: I like both, myself. But to return to the magazine. Its main purpose is set forth cleverly and temperately: Mrs. Henry Fawcett writes on it. The editor has wisely admitted the other side, for Mr. Harold Cox, though in favour of women's franchise, pours cold water on the methods of its advocates and disputes two of their favourite arguments. Outside the cause, there is one of Mr. John Galsworthy's best short stories, not, indeed, intended for school-room reading, and two capital essays on pictures and the Opera in England. My compliments.

My compliments also to Messrs. Duckworth and Co., who keep up the interest of their *English Review*. Mr. Conrad and Mr. Wells are still going it, and Mr. Granville Barker appears in the new number. I hope he is well again, and will soon be acting and playwrighting—the latter for choice, if he has to choose, for it seems that no one else can write another "Voysey Inheritance."

Talking of actors, I see that a Life of Richard Mansfield has appeared, by Paul Wilstach (Chapman and Hall). I can speak of it only second-hand at present, but from the account I have read it seems to give a good narrative of a particularly hard and strenuous life. Mansfield was rejected by the German Reeds—how strange it seems! The poor fellow was simply too weak from hunger to do himself justice. After that, when he *did* get "a shop," he often lost it by playing his small part too well for the principals to stand him. It sounds horribly mean of them, but in other professions besides the stage the subordinate whose zeal takes him out of perspective is apt to suffer for it. As the review I have read observes, the actor's calling requires great health and vitality. It is a sort of paradox that actors, whose profession is certainly not an ideally manly one, must be, physically at least, exceptionally manly fellows, and so those I have known always have been.

I have been reading a "prize novel," moved by curiosity to see what such a thing would be like. It is "The Faith of His Fathers," by A. E. Jacomb (Melrose), and an excellent novel too. The writer, if a beginner, shows no crudity or amateurishness at all, and makes the most of a genuine gift for observation. It is a pitiful story—that of harm worked with the best motives—but it holds one with a sense of life. N. O. I.



THE NEW HONORARY FOREIGN ACADEMICIAN:
M. JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

M. Laurens, who is seventy-one, was a pupil of MM. Leon Cogniet and Bida, and his work was seen at the Salon as far back as 1863. Among his most famous works are "The Death of St. Geneviève," painted for the Uffizi Gallery, and "Francis Borgia before the Coffin of Isabelle of Portugal."

Photograph by Stanley and Co.

which must out, the perfect work of impulse are exceedingly rare. To produce anything fine, the artistic impulse which is that and nothing more must be extraordinarily strong: as a rule, it results in gentle dilettantism. We have to deal in our imperfect world with writers and other workers in artistic forms who are not great artists; and I believe that artists short of greatness are stimulated and sustained by a zeal which is an extra, as it were—an addition to the mere desire to produce something artistically good. Take the case of Mr. Bernard Shaw, a man of immense talent, of a fine intelligence, but not a great artist. He sincerely dislikes, or is contemptuous of, certain views, habits, and ambitions of life, and sincerely wishes to advance other views, habits, and ambitions. Would anyone contend that his plays have not been improved by this extra-artistic zeal? Of course his detractors may say that he writes treatises and not plays, but the verdict of all competent critics is against that idea; the plays are plays, and wonderfully good plays. But would they not have lost enormously by the absence of Mr. Shaw's reforming zeal? I doubt if they would have been written at all. "How She Lied to Her Husband" is, perhaps, the only one without "a purpose."

Now, this consideration may be applied with much more force to a composite affair like the editing of a magazine. As a rule, the editor of a new magazine simply wants it to be a success—an artistic success perhaps, a commercial success certainly. I am quite sure the chance of excellence is increased if he is first of all anxious to advance a cause about which he is zealous. Personally, I prefer that cause to be the cause of good literature. In my opinion, the periodical with by far the most ability about it that has existed

The ordinary view is that "a purpose" in any work of art is against its excellence. I believe in the opposite of that proposition. Granted that the perfect work of art is the mere expression of a purely artistic impulse



A GREAT FRENCH NOVELIST AND POET AS ARTIST:
A DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO.

Had Victor Hugo not been a great poet and novelist, it is more than likely he would have been a great artist; as it is, a number of drawings and paintings by him are in existence. He used many mediums, including such things as coffee, flour, tea, and ash, applied with the finger, brushes, a pen, and a penknife.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK":
MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

Mr. Jerome, whose play with a purpose has had so excellent a run, is a native of Walsall, and was born in 1859. Before he became a novelist, he was clerk, school-master, actor, and journalist.

Photograph by Gerschel.

WRESTLING: A PRESS NOTE.



THE MAN UNDERNEATH: I must have done something wrong at the beginning, I think.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE WHIRLWIND OF DEATH.

By EDWARD CECIL.

JULES LEMAÎTRE was an inventor of useless inventions. That is all that can be said. He was a man full of enthusiasm and mental activity. But his inventions, though they were as numerous as the stars of heaven, were, unfortunately, as useless as the leaves of autumn.

Tall and thin, with a drawn, narrow face and sunken, yet bright and piercing eyes, though he was sixty years old, he frequently had the appearance of being very much younger. As may be guessed, his youth came back to him when the fire of his enthusiasm was burning brightly. He was, indeed, one of those men whose hopes always exceed their achievements.

"His enthusiasm never dies," exclaimed Vibart, the keeper of the café at the end of the Rue Monique, where Lemaître lived. "But, then, it never produces anything! What's it worth?"

A shrug of the shoulders was Vibart's comment.

Perhaps he would have been more impressed if he had seen Lemaître's room (the window of which commanded an extensive view of the roofs and strangely shaped chimney-pots of Paris) with all the inventor's models. Had he seen the old man dusting the things he had created, he might have been sorry for him, for this sharp-tongued Vibart had a good heart. But, all the same, his gibe would have remained perfectly well founded.

"An inventor of useless inventions," was the title with which the Rue Monique dubbed Lemaître. "Jules Lemaître, Inventor of Useless Inventions!"

It was when success came at last, after forty years of failure, that Lemaître threw back the taunt.

"A hundred francs a night!" he cried, his face lit up. "I suppose there is something, after all, in a useless invention."

One spring day, a soft, warm day of May, Rue Monique suddenly became aware of a new Lemaître.

He had changed miraculously. The miracle was made up of many astonishing details. That which the neighbours noticed first was that the inventor's hat was a new one. He wore his best frock-coat, buttoned up and carefully brushed; his tie was spotlessly white; there was a flower in his buttonhole, and his moustache and imperial were carefully trimmed and pointed. But that which made Lemaître a new Lemaître was the glossiness and sleek perfection of his hat. It made the carefully brushed frock-coat look old.

Upon all and sundry, that May morning, Lemaître smiled.

"Mon Dieu!" was Vibart's mental comment. "He has invented another useless invention!"

But, though it was the hour before *déjeuner*, Lemaître did not stop at the café for an *apéritif*. He passed Vibart with a cheery nod and turned round the corner past his café in the direction of the Boulevard Haussmann.

Some little distance further south, in a narrow street off the great boulevard, he reached a small shop, far from pretentious, and having an odd appearance of being crushed among its more ambitious neighbours.

On the window, white china letters fixed on the glass made this announcement to the world: "Modes—Mademoiselle Marcelle"; and in the window there were always to be seen rows of hats on tall stands, all marked with one uniform price—4 fr. 50 c.

There was no ostentation about the little, humble shop. At night no undue blaze of light shone upon the creations of Mademoiselle Marcelle's busy fingers.

That May morning she found it hard not to look up and welcome the spring sunlight. But she looked up when the door was opened with the confident assurance of someone whose buoyancy reflected itself even in such a trivial thing as the opening of a shop-door.

Jules Lemaître stood on the threshold.

"Good morning, *mon père*," said the little modiste, with a smile of welcome.

Lemaître closed the door and went and stood beside his daughter.

"How hard you work, little mouse!" he said tenderly, fondling a curl that had strayed upon her neck.

"It is necessary to work to live," she said, bending down again over the hat.

"Yes, but to those who work a reward comes in the end," said Lemaître.

As Marcelle drew her thread she was thinking that it was the profits from her 4 fr. 50 c. hats which kept the little household in the Rue Monique, and gave her father the money which he spent on his useless inventions.

"There is a good time coming," continued Lemaître.

"You have invented something, father?" the girl asked, still stitching.

"Yes; something of which all Paris will talk."

Marcelle had often heard the phrase; but, in the end, it had always been her hats which had paid the rent. She loved her father, but she understood him.

"You will be famous," she said, without conviction.

"In a few days," her father asserted grandiloquently, "my invention will be the talk of the Boulevards."

"What is it?" she asked, as she held the hat before her to judge the effect of what she had done.

"We have agreed to call it 'Le Tourbillon de la Mort,'" Lemaître announced magnificently. "It is a good title, girl, a title which the Boulevards and the cafés will love—'The Whirlwind of Death.' Every night that it is in use, I, who invented it, will receive a hundred francs!"

The Garden of the Palais de Paris was full of the sound of hammering, and the walls of Paris displayed everywhere a flaming poster. The sensation of the moment was Lemaître's invention—"The Whirlwind of Death." In acrobatic thrills it provided *le dernier cri*.

Down a fierce and sudden slope, as nearly perpendicular as possible, a lightly built car, fashioned to resemble an automobile, was to rush along a rail-track to apparent destruction. As it reached the ground, however, the track bent suddenly upwards in a sharp curve and abruptly ceased. Following the rails, the car would rush up, and, with the force of the upward and onward momentum it had gained when it left the rails, would turn a complete somersault and land on a platform provided to receive it. In the car there would be a passenger—a girl. The poster, which was by Flaneur, a well-known poster-artist, showed her waving her hand joyously—to Paris! The daring risk of the girl's life provided the thrill which, on the First of June, would fill the Garden of the Palais de Paris with a gaping crowd.

Superintending the erection of the track, the Inventor of Useless Inventions was a person of importance, an inventor seeing the product of his brain erected into material being. So, all through those last days of May, he stayed in the spring sunlight amidst the hammering and the sawing, dreaming that now, when his name would be well known, his other inventions might win recognition. In those last days of May, Lemaître knew happiness.

It was not so with Marcelle. When the Whirlwind of Death was explained to her, she shuddered.

"How cruel!" she exclaimed.

Her father looked at her with pained surprise.

"Cruel? You are talking foolishly. What is there cruel in this illustration of the principles of mechanics which all Paris will applaud?"

"Who is to ride in the car?" she asked.

[Continued overleaf.]

CHARITY—STILL COVERING A MULTITUDE OF SINS.



LOAFER THE FIRST: I thought this yer unemployed fund was for charity.
LOAFER THE SECOND: So it is, ain't it?
LOAFER THE FIRST: It ain't. It means work.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

Perhaps for a moment Lemaître hesitated. Perhaps even to him, through the intoxication of his success, some glimmering penetrated of the cruelty of what he was going to ask. If any did, he laughed away the scruple.

"It is part of the agreement that I should find the passenger," he said lightly. "Why not you, *ma mie*—you, the daughter of the inventor? Why should not you share the applause? There is no danger—the unalterable laws of mechanics protect you."

Marcelle looked up in amazed alarm.

"I?" she gasped. "I—your daughter?"

Amazement, misery, and fear filled Marcelle's thoughts after she had learned how the hundred francs a night were going to be earned—amazement that she should be expected to play a part in such an exhibition as "The Whirlwind of Death"; misery that her father, whom she had always loved, should wish to submit her to such risk and publicity; fear lest in the end she should be forced to obey him, as she had always obeyed him.

Every instinct in her nature rebelled against that horrible rush and somersault in the Garden of the Palais de Paris. Every thought she had ever held sacred seemed violated. Not only did she feel physical fear, she also felt degraded.

Lemaître laughed lightly when she confessed her fears. He was so at ease with himself during those last days of May.

"Nonsense, little mouse," he would say; "there is no danger. Surely it is better to earn a hundred francs a night—fifty for you, fifty for me—than to break one's back all day over 4 fr. 50 c. hats!"

At which Marcelle, miserably unhappy, would refuse ever to ride in the car. Whereat Lemaître, full of his self-confidence, would brush her objection aside with a gesture.

"I cannot think," he would say, in his grand manner, which he had lately acquired, "that my daughter will really refuse to share her father's triumph."

It was the night of the Thirty-first of May. In the Palais de Paris Garden the huge rail-track was ready, decked out in gay colours, with a great display of flags and a great array of lights. It might have been draped with crape, some said. Behind it, on the wall of the Palais de Paris, were little coloured lamps, ready to spell out in letters of fire, "Le Tourbillon de la Mort."

Lemaître was satisfied with the track; he was satisfied with the way his name was displayed upon the programme. He was satisfied that he was no longer an obscure inventor, but had become a recognised mechanical genius. He probably believed that he would die with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole, leaving a fortune behind him.

Even Marcelle was ready. It is true that when she thought of Michel, to whom she was but lately betrothed, she felt miserably unhappy, for she had not dared to tell him what she was going to do. Well enough she knew that were she to tell him he would refuse to allow her to do it. She had obeyed her father, she had sacrificed everything, she told herself, to do her duty; yet even when she went into Ste. Clotilde and prayed, she found no happiness. She saw each hour pass away with utter dismay.

In the living room of their *appartement* in the Rue Monique, Jules Lemaître sat alone. On the table before him was the model of "The Whirlwind of Death."

It had grown late. Now and again Lemaître looked at his watch. Marcelle was long coming that night.

"Poor little mouse!" he mused benevolently, "she works hard enough. Well, to-morrow she will earn fifty francs in as many seconds. Her drudgery over her hats won't last much longer."

He smiled at his pleasant thoughts and let his tiny car make a journey and somersault.

As it did so, Marcelle returned.

"Good evening, *ma mie*," said Lemaître pleasantly, looking up. "How late you are!"

The girl remained silent, her lips firm, though she was trembling. Lemaître saw there was something amiss.

"Ah, you are going to make another scene!" he exclaimed. "Don't, my girl! Don't be so foolish! All that is settled."

"Yes, it is settled," said Marcelle; "I am not going to ride in your car to-morrow."

Lemaître's lips moved, but no sound came from them.

He looked at his daughter, who had always obeyed him, worked for him and loved him, and tried to understand her refusal.

"You will not obey me?" he asked.

"No. In this thing I will not obey you," Marcelle replied.

There was something so very like finality in her voice that Lemaître felt afraid.

"You desert me now, at the eleventh hour," he exclaimed, "after your promise!"

"I did not know what I was promising," said Marcelle.

Lemaître saw that his daughter had somehow found firmness to defy him. It seemed that suddenly the whole fabric of his success was in danger. It might not be possible at so short a notice to get anyone else to ride in the car.

He passed his hand over his forehead and wearily determined once again to conquer his daughter's will. As he did so a sudden intuition enabled him to guess the truth. He saw that there was now another will behind Marcelle's.

"You have been talking it over with Michel," he said.

"Yes. I did not dare to tell him when I consented."

"Nevertheless, you must ride to-morrow night in the car. It is too late to find anyone to take your place. I must hold you to your promise."

Marcelle stood motionless. The cold, level tone beneath which her father concealed his pique and anxiety struck chill to her heart.

"Then 'The Whirlwind of Death' will be postponed," she said.

Lemaître shrugged his shoulders.

He saw that the door was still open.

"Shut the door," he said. "When you have taken off your hat, we will talk it over."

Then, as he looked into the shadow, he saw that Michel was standing in the doorway. He stepped forward into the lamplight and stood beside Marcelle.

"Monsieur Lemaître," he said with quiet earnestness, "I think you must see that this is impossible."

Lemaître got up.

"La-la!" he exclaimed. "How absurdly you talk! There is no risk. The thing is safe. The car obeys the unalterable laws of mechanics."

"Then why call it 'The Whirlwind of Death'—why?" asked Michel, with quiet triumph.

"That is the title to catch the ear of the people," said Lemaître, smiling.

"It is not. It is a true title. There is a risk. It is to see the life of a girl in danger that the people will go to the Palais de Paris to-morrow night. This is what gives the thrill. That life shall not be Marcelle's, Monsieur Lemaître."

"You have no right to interfere, Monsieur," cried Lemaître, giving way at last to anger. "Marcelle is my daughter. She must obey me."

The girl could not remain passive. She had loved and worked for her father for so long. She loved him still. She went forward and sought to soothe him. But he brushed her caress aside.

"How is it possible," Michel continued to urge, "for you, her father, to submit your daughter to the publicity of the Palais de Paris? To risk any girl's life would be wrong, but to risk Marcelle's and to ask her to face an ordeal like 'The Whirlwind of Death' is inhuman."

With an effort Lemaître recovered himself. He was an old man, and he had the advantage of his age. Moreover, however strongly Michel might feel, he had only such right as Marcelle might give him.

"This is my room, Monsieur," said Lemaître, with a dignity he knew well how to assume. "Leave me with my daughter."

For a moment Michel was at a disadvantage. He looked at Marcelle, but she did not help him. Was it possible that her love for him would not be strong enough? Yet he thought of her, a frail, gentle girl, riding in that terrible car, and every instinct in his nature told him not to give way. He thought of her little hands grasping the rails; he thought of her gazing in terror down the horrible track before her at the moment when the car was going to be released; he thought of the hideous, gaping crowd. . . .

"No," he said, "it is impossible."

Lemaître smiled. He felt that in the issue he would gain his end.

"Marcelle must choose between me and you," he said.

Michel looked up.

"Yes," he said simply. "Let her choose."

They stood silent, and, for a moment, Marcelle gave no sign.

She looked up at last and met Michel's eyes. What she saw there seemed to satisfy her.

"Take me to your mother's house," she said. But she spoke sadly, for till that night she had loved her father.

The two went towards the door and paused. But Lemaître did not speak. They waited. But still he remained silent.

Then they went out.

For a time Lemaître seemed to listen to the footsteps dying away down the stairs. When they had died quite away he sat down again by the table, before his model. He shivered, turned round, and looked helplessly at the stove. The fire in it had been small, and had burned low. It had, indeed, died out. He almost went to the door and called after Marcelle. But he did not do so. He might have done so, for she and Michel were waiting at the foot of the stairs. But instead of doing so he let his tiny car make once again its journey and somersault.

"Little fool!" he muttered. "Much happiness may she have with her Michel!"

His wish was fulfilled.

On the next night, the night of the First of June, "The Whirlwind of Death" began its short career of immense success. It lasted three nights.

One of those girls who are always to be found in the Garden of the Palais de Paris was induced to take Marcelle's place. The price tempted her, and she had lost any fondness for life.

On the second night she fainted in the car. On the third night it was said that she had fainted before the car was started. If so, her death was merciful. Past all doubt it was instantaneous, for, the somersault not being quite complete, her back was broken.

But she had probably died a thousand times in her thoughts, so horrible was the downward rush of the car.

Half Paris followed her broken body to Père-la-Chaise.

The people of Paris must, of course, amuse themselves.

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

ALL British children who study their history-books are aware that if right were might "Prince Charlie from over the Water" would have been King instead of his half-sister being Queen.

Nevertheless, no one would be more surprised than Princess Mary of Bavaria, in whom are now vested the rights of the Stuarts, were she to learn that (according to the Protestant Alliance) there is a plot afoot to crown her Queen of Great Britain and Ireland in place of Edward VII. This royal lady is sure to become in due course a Queen—but only a Queen-Consort. She is gentle, kindly, devoted to her many children, and much given to good works. The eccentric members of "The Legitimist Jacobite League" naturally regard her with peculiar reverence, but not even the wildest of them, of that we may rest assured, has any hope of seeing the last of the Stuarts crowned in Westminster Abbey by Archbishop Bourne.

The New Peer. Sir Francis Jeune took the picturesque title of St. Helier; one wonders what his successor in the Presidentship of the Divorce Court will elect to be called. For the present he is still familiar to a host of friends as Sir Gorell Barnes. In spite of the fact that his great success as a lawyer was made in the Admiralty Division—he could give points to any sailor in his knowledge of the sea—Sir Gorell was a remarkable "Divorce Judge." Certain of his *obiter dicta* are likely to live, among them being, "If the drink habit could be eradicated from this nation, this court might shut its doors", and another, "Judicial separation is *not* conducive to morality." The new peeress, who is much younger than her husband, is the only daughter of that pillar of Tariff Reform, Sir Roper Lethbridge. The great lawyer, his wife, and their three children are devoted to country life.

The New President of the Divorce Court. Mr. Justice Bigham proved himself "a strong Judge" in more than one *cause célèbre* with which he was connected, notably in the Whitaker Wright case; and his début in the Divorce Court will be watched with keen interest. Like his immediate predecessor, Sir Gorell Barnes, Sir John Bigham is a Liverpool man; he was once in business, and was "called" at thirty. He has strong opinions, and is never backward in expressing them, as was shown when he sat on that most delicate inquiry, the Jameson Raid Commission. He is a fine linguist, and the interpreters in his new Court will have to look to their laurels.

The New Judge. Sir John Andrew Hamilton—for he will probably have been raised to the dignity of a knighthood by the time these lines are printed—is still, from the point of view of the public,

"a dark horse" among the Judges. He has been a great commercial lawyer, used to lead in dryasdust cases; and it will be highly interesting to see what he will make of poor human nature when he sees it—as every Judge sees it—in the raw. The new Judge, like the present Prime Minister, was one of Dr. Jowett's young men. He did brilliantly at Balliol, and was President of the Oxford Union. In those days he was a Liberal, but he split from Mr. Gladstone in 1885.



"QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND" AND PRINCESS MARY OF BAVARIA.

According to current report, the committee of the Protestant Alliance recently warned the Houses of Lords and Commons that there was a conspiracy to dethrone the King and set up in his place Princess Mary of Bavaria.—[Photograph by Hamilton.]



THE NEW PEER, HIS WIFE, AND HIS DAUGHTER: THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN GORELL BARNES, LADY BARNES, AND MISS BARNES.

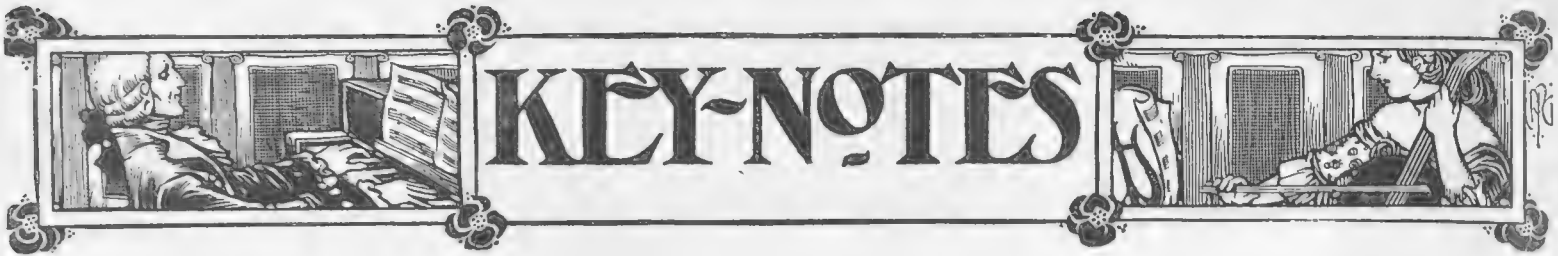
Sir John Gorell Barnes has resigned the office of President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, and the King has conferred the dignity of a Baron of the United Kingdom upon him. The new peer is the son of a Liverpool ship-owner, and is sixty.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Flannel Cheating. Ship's rations are not always to the liking of a ship's pets, any more than to a ship's crew, but Lord Charles Beresford's "battle-ship breed" of bull-pups have been guaranteed a worthy meal to-day, the occasion of their donor's birthday. Lord Charles is sixty-three, and almost as fit as when he used to be mentioned in despatches, as a matter of course, for frequent deeds of bravery, or when his sense of humour tempted him to such pranks as the tearing of knockers from the portals of Berkeley Square. His humour, at least, has never become middle-aged; and if there was a touch of frolic even in his bravery, there is still a doubtful twinkle of mystification in some signals that fly from his flag-ship. "I take that to be another Flannel Cheat," observed one officer of the Channel Fleet, after examining one message that danced too gaily at the masthead.

The Civil Lord. Another Admiralty birthday occurs to-morrow, but it is that of a Civil Lord; and of being a Civil Lord no one has ever accused Lord Charles Beresford. Lord Brassey, instead of having fought at sea, has lived at Battle—not with the enemies of his country—but in Sussex. At his town house in Park Lane he must brave a great host on the 17th of this month, for Lady Brassey's reception will be the chief event of the day following the Opening of Parliament.

A Travelling Politician. Lord Dalmeny, travelling from Edinburgh on a Sunday night, reached London on a Monday morning in time to see derelict bills of Sunday papers still up in the stations. From pillow to posters! It was the first time that he had monopolised an entire poster. Perhaps it will be the last. But the pride of the moment was a little damped by the too uncompromising note in the announcement of his secession from Liberalism. Lord Dalmeny had never a dream that he was considered so very important a personage in newspaper offices; and he could not forget that, in spite of his own little disagreements with Ministers, he had been assuring his Scottish friends only twelve hours earlier that "it is necessary we (the Liberals) should win a great victory at the next General Election."



MENDELSSOHN ruled musical London last week, and doubtless there were very many people who indulged in the unexpressed wish that composers of similar gifts would celebrate every week a centenary, or jubilee, or something giving equal justification for special performances. Our ears have been greatly tried by modern taskmasters; so, too, have our tempers. The pioneers of modern music have made bricks without straw, and thrown them at us with all the orchestral force at their command; they have chastised us with scorpions; they have expressed recondite emotions on pages seemingly independent of key signature; they have despised and rejected conventional modulations and rational orchestration; and some of us have followed their strange procedure with courage worthy a better cause, and have declared with all the conviction at our command that it is enjoyable. But in the past few days Mendelssohn has opened the flood-gates of melody, and given us such a good time that we can afford to overlook what is trivial, commonplace, or sentimental in his music, and recognise the fine work of a man who combined simple tastes and a large amount of melodic invention with sufficient technical skill.

At the Philharmonic Society's concert Mendelssohn ruled the programme, and, in form of a plaster bust, smiled at the audience from the orchestra, under a most unbecoming wreath of bays. Camille Chevillard, son of the famous 'cellist, son-in-law of the great Lamoureux, and conductor of the Lamoureux Concerts, presided over the Philharmonic players, securing a delightful interpretation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture. Many great men signalise their appearance by a master-work, and for sheer youthful inspiration this Mendelssohn overture ranks with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel." Pugno played the Concerto in G minor, and though throughout the evening his tempi were extremely rapid, there was never any suggestion of the show piece, there was no surrender to the weaker side of the music. The great pianist was in splendid form, even if in more glittering passages one seemed to hear more than once a ninth instead of an octave; his exquisite touch, wonderful range of tone, and admirable sense of proportion roused a staid audience to rare enthusiasm.

The "Scotch" Symphony was finely rendered, and sounded very fresh and charming after long absence from the programme; but this German impression of Scottish scenery, interpreted by English players and directed by a Frenchman, does not convey much of Caledonia stern and wild to the man who knows the country. Perhaps Mr. McEwen's views of the south-west corner of the land, as expressed in the second half of the programme, were more true to nature. Mr. McEwen has undoubted talent for

expressing uncompromising views, and one imagines that he found the part of the country he wrote about rather disagreeable. Some of his orchestral effects are clever, but his use of brass and percussion is a little too generous, unless he wished to prejudice Southerners against Wigtownshire; and he makes the fairly common mistake of giving work to delicate instruments at moments when they cannot possibly be heard. But his study of "Grey Galloway" supplied a striking contrast to Mendelssohn's symphony—the latter beautifully melodious and moderately sincere, the former tremendously sincere and not always on speaking terms with melody.

At the Queen's Hall on Wednesday afternoon Mr. Henry Wood conducted a special concert in honour of Mendelssohn, and the "Hymn of Praise" was given, with the Sheffield Amateur Musical Society. The Elgar symphony was interpolated, if such an expression be permissible, and Mr. Wood showed us how the music has appealed to his taste and temperament. The success of the "Hymn of Praise" was not remarkable. Mr. Wood secured a fine rendering of the orchestral part, the Allegretto being interpreted with exquisite delicacy and feeling; but the Sheffield amateurs were not heard to advantage after their long journey; indeed, a fair, or unfair, proportion were not heard at all by the writer. Of the soloists, only Mr. Gervase Elwes was good. He has the perfect voice for oratorio and the perfect instinct. Always on his note, always master of his breathing, without a perceptible fault in his phrasing, he lent distinction to a performance that had little else to commend it save good intentions and the orchestral playing referred to above.

After the Philharmonic and the Queen's Hall Orchestras, the London Choral Society celebrated the Mendelssohn centenary by giving their first performance of "Elijah," with solo parts in the safe keeping of Mesdames Agnes Nicholls and Gwladys Roberts, Sir Charles Santley, and others. It is customary to sneer at "Elijah," and some of the sneers are justified; but the defects in the oratorio are few, and the strong points are many: perhaps its worst weakness lies in frequent performance. No provincial festival seems complete without this work; like the poor, it is always with us. But the London Choral Society could plead justification last week, and they were on such safe ground that the excellence of their work made apology superfluous. Mr. Fagge granted no concessions to sentimentality; the choir was in excellent voice, and the London Symphony Orchestra gave fine support. Now Mendelssohn will enjoy a well-earned rest for a little while; he has given us a banquet—of which the greater part of the courses consisted of sweets.

COMMON CHORD.



GERMANY'S NEW "IMMORTAL" AT HOME: DR. RICHARD STRAUSS, COMPOSER OF "ELECTRA," HIS WIFE, AND HIS SON.

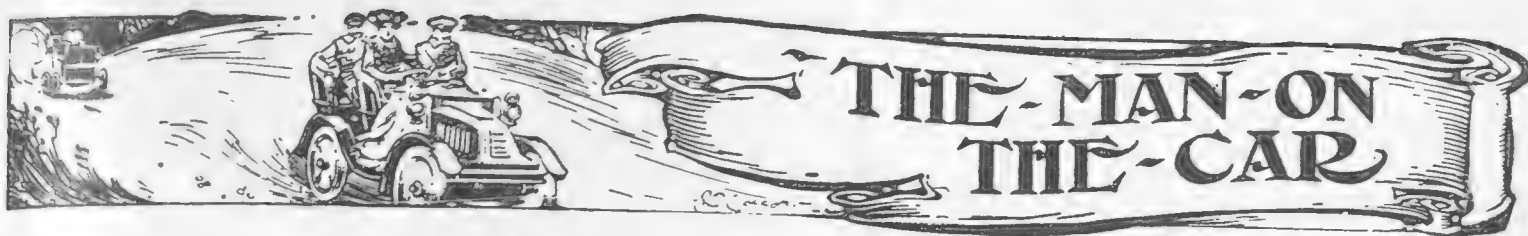
Dr. Richard Strauss, who, in view of the recent production of his new opera, "Electra," is being so much discussed, was a musician from a very early age. At four he could play, and at six he was a composer. He is best known in this country by his "Till Eulenspiegel," his "Sinfonia Domestica," his "Don Quixote," and "Ein Heldenleben," while abroad his "Salome" roused much controversy and praise. It is said that he is to become one of Germany's "Immortals"—that is, that he is to be chosen a member of the German Royal Academy of Art and Science.

Photograph by F. Kester



THE HOME OF THE COMPOSER OF "ELECTRA": DR. RICHARD STRAUSS'S HOUSE IN BAVARIA.

Photograph by F. Kester.



THE SCOTTISH AUTOMOBILE CLUB: A SCOTTISH MOTORPHILE JUDGE REBUKES ENGLISH BENCH PRACTICE: SUGGESTS GENERAL COLLATION OF FACTS—
THE POLICE DISREGARD THE TRAM DICTUM—MOTOR SPORT AT BROOKLANDS ONLY.

THE Scottish Automobile Club, perhaps the most active and pertinacious body in all automobilism, is more than fortunate in enlisting the sympathies and aid of many leading Scotsmen. The list of the names of those placed at the cross-table on the occasion of the club's annual dinner on Tuesday, Feb. 2, at the Grosvenor Restaurant in Glasgow, reads like a galaxy of Scotch talent and ability of all grades. In the chair was the fine figure of that most just Judge and enthusiastic pioneer automobilist, Sir John H. A. Macdonald, Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, while by his side was observable the Right Hon. Lord Dunedin, Lord Justice General of Scotland, Sir John's senior in the law, but equal in the support he has always given to the automobile movement from the earliest days. He is best known to Southerners as the Lord Advocate for Scotland in Mr. Balfour's late Government. Then Prince Francis of Teck, who had travelled up from London to be the guest of the Scottish Club; the Right Rev. Theodore Marshall, Moderator of the Church of Scotland; the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and two or three past Provosts; the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, the Sheriff Substitute of Renfrewshire, Sir John Ure Primrose, Sir Samuel Chisholm, and many others.

The reports of the two speeches by Sir John Macdonald in reply to the toasts of Automobilism and his own health well repay perusal. This must also be said of the oration in which Lord Dunedin proposed the toast. Lord Dunedin put it that the true function of a great club like the Scottish Automobile Club was to act as an intermediary between the great body of automobilists on the one hand, and the general public and the authorities on the other, for the reason that it was well that automobilists should remember that there

authority and power in Scotland, indicated without hesitation what is undoubtedly a crying scandal and shame upon the name of justice in England. In view of the absolute necessity of adequately representing things as they are, and not as Highway Protection Leagues and motorist annihilation associations desire them to appear, Sir John urged the formation of a body constituted by representatives from each of the principal clubs and institutions connected with automobilism throughout the country, for the purpose of collecting all the information that could be obtained in regard to the virtues, the sins, and the sufferings of automobilism, in order to convince a community which had got it into its head



A SLEDGE DRIVEN BY A PROPELLER: THE "MOTOSKI."

The remarkable motor-sledge illustrated is the invention of M. Nivert, and figured in a recent competition at Chamounix. It will be noted that it is driven by a propeller as an air-ship is driven.—[Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.]

that they were a set of ruffians who wished to override the interests and imperil the safety of the community.

Nothing more sufficiently proves the law to be an ass than the resolve of the police authorities all up and down the country to disregard the late legal pronouncement with regard to a motor-car overtaking and passing a tram-car. I have it already from those that have made inquiries that the police of Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh will pay no regard to the dictum, and will approve the passing of tram-cars on the near side when such procedure is dictated by common-sense. It is to be wished that the police would act similarly in such trivial cases as the accidental extinction of a tail-lamp, or the blurring of a number by the dust and mud of many miles. But that would be too much to hope, in England at least, where the county coffers can be enriched by the plunder of the motorist.

If hill-climbs are to be voted outside the pale, and there are to be no cakes and ale in the Isle of Man in the shape of a three-inch race, then Brooklands will be our only resource for an approach to motor sport. Whatever is set down to be done there in the coming season will assuredly be well done by Major Lloyd, who assumes the position of track-manager, in the place of Mr. Rodakowski, resigned. I have seen Major Lloyd in control of big motor events in the past, and if their conduct may be taken as an augury, then all will go well at Brooklands. Anyway, tact, urbanity, consideration, and good temper will not be lacking. I do trust the Major and his management will be able to put on events which will attract and hold the public by something like exciting finishes. Truly, the Easter programme promises well, and from the classification of the cars the competitions should be close. Either on the Saturday or the following Monday an obstacle-race and a tyre-changing race will be included, and the latter at least should teach us a good deal with regard to the several quick-changing devices upon the market.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE MOTOR-CAR OF THE SNOW: A NOVEL AUTOMOBILE SLEDGE.

This sledge is the invention of Lieutenant Jean de Basse, of the French Army.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.

were two sides to the question. The Prince also, during his speech in reply, delivered himself of a phrase that should be chronicled. Referring to the united policy with which they (the R.A.C. and its affiliated clubs) were pressing forward, there was one point that motorists must bear in mind, and that was that it was with the law, and not against the law, that they would best advance the great interests of automobilism.

Sir John Macdonald most aptly laid his finger upon the huge difference in the environment of automobilists in Scotland as compared with that of their fellows across the Border. He referred to the general good feeling which exists between them and the magistrates and police. Their cases were dealt with by a practised lawyer, and not by a Bench which had any interest whatever in the relief of the rates by the imposing of enormous fines upon automobilists. Here Sir John, the second judicial

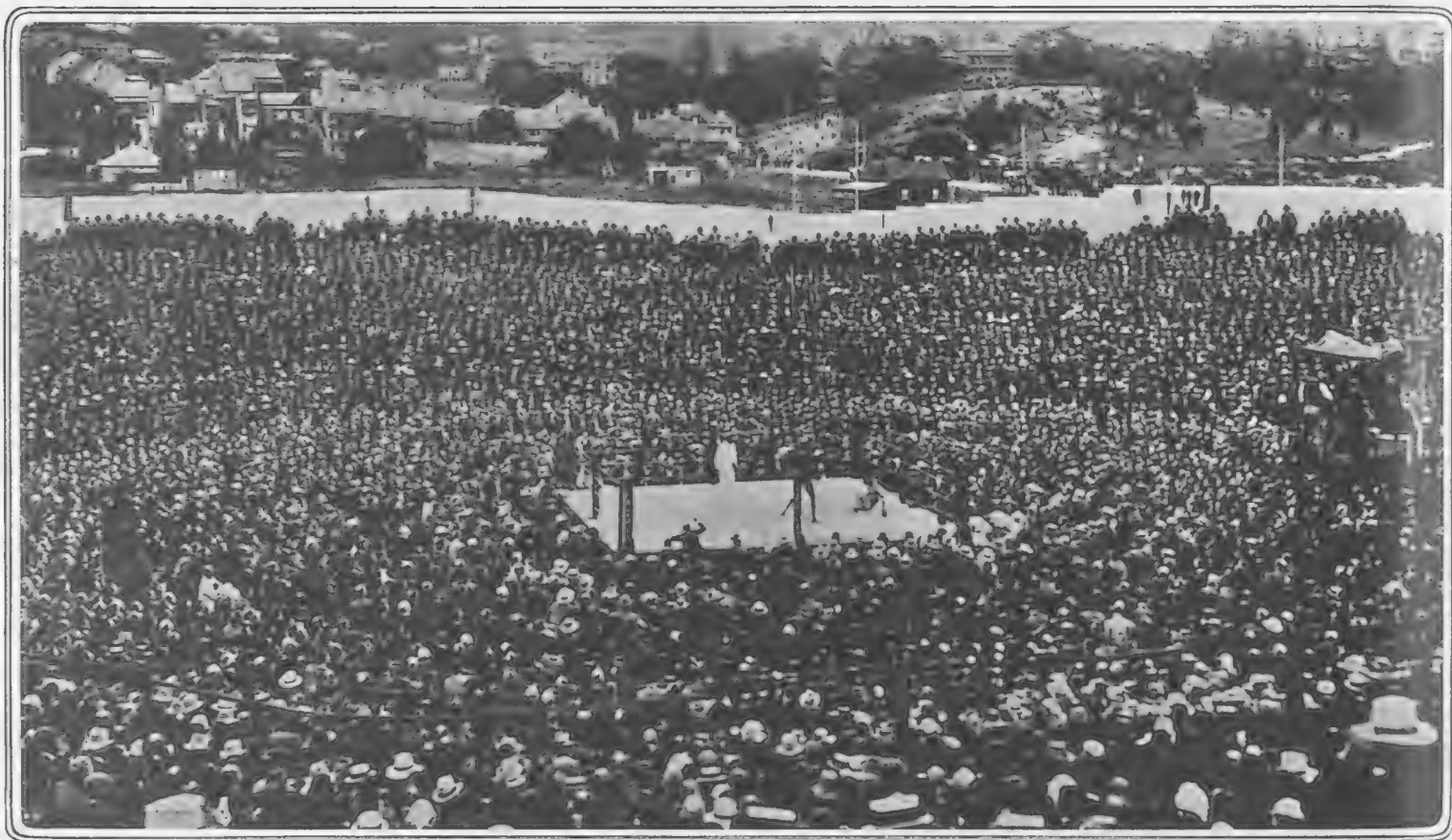
THE WORLD (OF) SPORT

ACCEPTANCES—THE SUGGESTED RACECOURSE TAX.

IF the entries for the principal spring handicaps were satisfactory, the acceptances may be considered more so—that is, apart from the summary manner in which Mr. Assheton-Smith struck his horses out of the Grand National, and made public his reasons for so doing. If Mr. Smith was disgusted at the weights given to Jerry M. and Cackler, surely that was no reason for striking out Rough Pup. An interesting sequel is that although Mr. Smith's quartet were weighted in the same proportion for the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester on Easter Monday, yet only Cackler paid forfeit. Other points in connection with the spring handicaps are that Mr. J. B. Joel apparently does not agree with the handicapper's estimate of the relative merits of Llangwm and Your Majesty in the City and Suburban and the Jubilee Stakes, and that Mr. Barclay Walker's

he has good credentials, but Grand Sefton winners somehow seldom win the bigger race the following March.

The idea of taxing race-meetings is not a new one, any more than that of a tax on cats; and in lean financial years one generally hears it mooted in one quarter or another. Well, we are given to understand that this is a lean year, and we are told that there is a possibility of a new tax on race-meetings, and that the new tax may take one of two shapes. One is to extract £200 for every day of racing, and the other is to extract a percentage on each day's gross receipts. In dealing with the latter idea one is left well in the dark, because one cannot arrive at anything like definition. True, a percentage on the gross receipts of the big meetings—that is to say, big financially—would mean large sums; but the number of



WHEN BLACK BEAT WHITE: THE GREAT OPEN-AIR FIGHT BETWEEN JOHNSON AND BURNS AT SYDNEY, AND PART OF THE ENORMOUS CROWD THAT WITNESSED IT.

There is no need at this time of the day to describe the contest which made the negro, Johnson, champion boxer of the world, and Burns the ex-champion. It may be worth remarking, however, that the fight began at eleven o'clock in the morning of a cloudy day, and that it came to an end through the intervention of the police in the fourteenth round.

Photograph by Kerry.

horse is reckoned 1 lb. better than the St. Leger winner over a mile and a quarter; and I think that represents their merits. Perhaps I hold an exalted opinion of Llangwm; anyhow, I would back him at a pound to beat Your Majesty over any course up to a mile and a quarter. I chose him last week as my champion for the City and Suburban, and if he runs I think he will win comfortably. Both my choices, Poor Boy and Longcroft, are left in the Lincolnshire Handicap, for which the weight piled on to Priscillian proved to be too much for his owner. Consequently, the imposts went up 3 lb. This leaves my selections with 8 st. 1 lb. and 7 stone respectively. I have heard nothing to cause me to lose faith in them. The defection of Ute leaves only one three-year-old in the race—Sea Queen, of which I know nothing; but it would be a mighty surprise were she to win. They say in France that Borax won't be far off winning. Of him more anon. As regards the Grand National, it is extremely gratifying to find only six malcontents. Mattie MacGregor and Tom West are still there, and only accident will cause me to desert them. The running of the first-named last year and of Tom West the year before in the National greatly impressed me, and I am a firm believer in the horses-for-courses theory as applied to Aintree. A well-known racing-man tells me that Caubeen "cannot lose." Well,

such meetings is very limited. For every "rich" meeting which would pay for the trouble of taxing there are twenty or more struggling, but sporting, meetings that just about manage to keep head above water. Newmarket meetings are by no manner of means gold-mines, and there are quite as many, if not more, days devoted to racing there than at other centres. The receipts may be large on Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire days, but they are the exceptions. I should imagine the idea of a percentage on gross receipts would be abandoned, after serious consideration. Nor can I see that the £200 per day notion would bring a sum into the national exchequer worth troubling about. Last season there were 281 flat-racing days, including all, both great and small, in England and Scotland. Many of them, as I have said, are struggling ventures that would be wiped out were the £200 per race-day tax to be enforced. But suppose they were all able to afford it, the total would surely be a pitiful sort of sum for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to worry himself about. And the enforcement of it would very quickly end in the sum being reduced by the death of many of the meetings. Of the two ideas, the percentage is the better; but even that is a poor one.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Képis in
Piccadilly.

There is no doubt that the new military play—damaging though it is to our insular self-esteem—has not only caught on, but is likely to revolutionise our manners. We must look forward to seeing London a military town in the sense that Berlin and Vienna are dominated by soldier-men. At some no distant date, Algie and Reggie, instead of strolling, ineffable in sleek black, grey tie, and shining patent leather along the "sweet, shady side of Pall Mall," will dazzle all beholders in gold lace and clanking sword, ruffling it like a Prussian Uhlan Unter den Linden or one of Kaiser Franz Josef's Imperial Guards. Our ball-rooms—as in Teuton lands—will be gay with uniforms, the Opera will gain enormously in brilliance, and at the Savoy, the Carlton, and the Ritz we shall see red coats and white plumes, spurs and helmets, where once we only saw the costume affected by the waiter. Then, Rotten Row will be as martial of a morning as is the Bois de Boulogne. Ascot will take on the aspect of a military review, and at Lord's, serried battalions of glittering helmets will adorn the enclosure and glisten from the tops of coaches. For it is not to be supposed that our youths—gilded or otherwise—will take up soldiering whole-heartedly unless the uniform is striking and becoming. It is no use our authorities trying to get a citizen army if it is to be clothed in khaki. I once knew a distinguished young gunner who objected to the "Royal Regiment" because he said that on parade he looked like a postman; but once in the Horse Artillery, with its abundant gold lace and busby bristling with ospreys, his innocent vanity was amply satisfied. We had better set about inventing a beautiful uniform for Reggie and Algie.

The Sergeant in Skirts.

At the present tentative state of things the manning of our new defensive army goes on but slowly, and it is obvious that the Fair will have to be largely employed as recruiting-sergeants. Young persons at balls might be offered a premium for all scalps taken during the evening, for how can Woman employ the often arid interval of "sitting out" better than in capturing officers and men

understand, the muse Terpsichore is most worshipped; and it was a brilliant idea of H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyll, who inhabits that pleasing region, to start the system of the recruiting-sergeant in skirts. If the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, the battle of Dorking (or, rather, Colchester) will have to be won on the shiny boards of suburban ball-rooms.

Climbing Cats.

There are all sorts of heroines in modern fiction, and the heroine of Mr. E. F. Benson's latest novel of modish London life is frankly a rascal. Yet everyone will have a sneaking sympathy with this "climber" in petticoats, for one thing because she started so heavily handicapped in the big steeplechase which we call Life. The obstacles seemed insurmountable to one so young and so untrained, yet Lucia went flying over them all, an easy winner until she met the great entanglement called Love. Then she came a cropper, and is left, at the end of the book, disabled for the rest of her days. With grim irony, Mr. Benson takes her

back to her early home, a sordid villa on the edge of a cathedral town, and shows her occupied in turning out a cupboard in which she finds the once-despised—and now mouldy—tennis-balls of her adolescence. This end is all the more pathetic because this ambitious young woman had that most precious of all social gifts, "the gift for enjoying herself enormously." It is true that vivacity and high spirits (when they are real and not artificial) are highly valued in this somewhat sophisticated age. It is not very easy to be always on the top note of rapture, yet this is a feat which Society expects from those who would lead it. To be tired, ill, dull or bored is not permissible in the London which amuses itself. Hence the popularity of the rest-cure and kindred devices for escaping, for a while, from the fatigue of associating with your contemporaries. If Lucia had taken three weeks in a nursing-home, she might have been waving her banner from the topmost rung of the ladder to-day.

O, Fly With Me!

In the near future, it seems, these once compromising words will bear a very different meaning to what they did in the early part of the last century. They will simply portend a short trip in one's friends' aeroplane, just as one runs down nowadays to Brighton or to Hindhead by motor. We have it on the assurance of Mr. Wilbur Wright that it is as easy to learn to manipulate an aeroplane as it is to ride a bicycle, and there is small doubt that in five years' time everyone "in the movement" will make a point of owning one of these interesting aerial machines. Already there is an Aero Club, from which vantage-point, no doubt, air-ships will some day start on their dizzy voyages, and it is not impossible that every London club house of importance will have its air "station" on the roof.



[Copyright.]

AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF PURPLE CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A SMART SPRING COAT OF CREAM-COLOURED CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

for his Majesty's Territorial forces? Nor would it be easy for an average youth of tender heart, good manners, and ordinary courage to refuse when glory offered in the guise of a starry-eyed and alluring maiden. Kensington is the district of London where, I

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

WOMEN'S Suffrage is not recognised in the Upper House. Two Peeresses in their own right have recently been added to our Peerage. Both are clever, not to say brilliant, women in different ways. Lady Amherst of Hackney is thoroughly well read, and has splendid ideas of education and character-forming. She is an expert in antiques, a gift which she had in common with her father. Lady Burton, a still newer Peeress, is a very smart, clever social leader. She is an amusing conversationalist. On one occasion, when she overheard some women sneering about her family not belonging to the caste of Veré de Vere, she quickly turned the laugh at them with, "Not up to much according to Tennyson. Perhaps Beer de Beer will be better!" As the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour, she has been well known and well liked. She is a good sportswoman, a constant attendant at race-meetings, modern from the soles of her feet to the top of her well-dressed hair. She is amusing and kind-natured.

Mr. Baillie is a good-looking, cheery Scotsman, and his place is a beautiful one, the lawns stretching down to the shores of one of the loveliest lochs of the Caledonian Canal. There are two sons, the elder of whom is in his fifteenth year, and one daughter, who is nine. Mr. Bass, who inherits his late uncle's baronetcy and is now Sir William Bass, was in the 10th Hussars. His wife, Lady Noreen Bass, is one of Lord Huntingdon's sisters. From his father, the late Lord Burton's only brother, he inherited a very large fortune. His mother, who remarried to the Rev. Bernard D. D. Shaw, would have sacrificed her whole jointure by doing so, but her son would not permit her to be at so great a loss, and made a handsome settlement on her.

It is rather a curious anomaly that the majority of women will look after everything before their complexions. Yet these are the most exposed parts of their person, the most observed, and subjected often to the most unhygienic conditions. Smart town members of our sex do have their faces attended to, with the result that country cousins often ask them how on earth they manage to keep their skin so fresh, fair, and smooth. "Mrs. Pomeroy, Limited, does it for us," is the usual answer. At the busy, neat, well-fitted rooms of this firm, skins are looked after on scientific lines; skilled dermatologists are employed, and, although the impossible is never attempted, nor miracles promised, the very best is made of every client, with just the same satisfactory result to the face as the consulting of first-class corsetières and modistes as to the form. There is a most reassuring straightforwardness about the firm, who have no dealings with quackery or with charlatanism: For instance, in the matter of electrolysis, the only permanent and safe cure for undesirable hairs, the firm absolutely refuse to sell depilatories, or to treat in any other way. As a temporary help in bad cases they will provide a bleaching-fluid. Free consultations are given, and a new departure is being tremendously appreciated. It is the treatment of falling or prematurely grey growing hair on a similar scientific basis. A few hairs are sent, drawn out by the roots. These are examined under a microscope, and, taken in conjunction with the information supplied by the client, are reported on and advice given, the client reporting from time to time to the firm lest change of treatment should be necessary. It is on exactly the same straightforward and above-board principle as the face-treatment, and similarly esteemed. Every individual client is taken as a separate case, and treated specially for whatever is wrong with either hair or complexion. It is no more possible otherwise to achieve a successful result than for a modiste to turn all her customers out looking their best from a common model.

On "Woman's Ways" page drawings will be seen of an afternoon gown of pontifical-purple cloth, worn over a blouse of lace, and of a smart spring coat of cream-coloured cloth, with revers, buttons, and loops all of tan suède.

A fine opportunity for well investing money will be afforded at the exhibition and White Sale which will be opened at the well-known establishment of Messrs. Peter Robinson, Regent Street, on Monday next, the 15th inst. Exceptional value will be afforded in the dainty and beautifully made underclothing, made by hand in

becoming and comfortable shapes, trimmed with real lace threaded with satin ribbon in pale colours. Nighties are sold from 6s. 11d.; boudoir-caps are a feature of the sale, also embroidered camisoles, which are sold for 7s. 6d. These are very daintily embroidered and threaded with ribbon. There are numbers of washing and silk underskirts which are to be offered at very low prices, as is also the case with "Princess" under-slips. Children's and girls' frocks are also plentiful, varied, and very cheap. Dressing-gowns, tea-gowns, blouses, and lingerie blouse-ropes will also be tempting items dresses will be shown from a guinea. White ostrich-feather boas are to be sold from 15s. 9d. to 21s., and 29s. 6d. to fifteen guineas, while ermine sets will also be found cheap, as will all embroideries and laces.

The Great White Sale at Peter Robinson's famous emporium in Oxford Street is one of the events of the year from the feminine point of view, and this year it is especially important from the fact that the occasion marks the opening of the new saloons for table and household linen, and some exceptional bargains are to be dangled before the eyes of the economical housewife. The sale opens on the 15th of this month, and, as all women are aware, will include all that is white in the way of textile materials, from caps to stockings, and from pocket-handkerchiefs to French hand-made underwear in the latest Parisian styles. So our advice to the ladies is, "Be early at Oxford Circus on Feb. 15."

The gentleman in the Drury Lane pantomime who passionately desires "not to be put among the Suffragettes" would have changed his mind on the evening of the 2nd, when Mrs. Hughes kindly lent her large house in Lancaster Gate for a ball in aid of Woman's Suffrage. The number of pretty girls present would have been remarkable at any dance in the season, and dancing men gallantly turned up in such numbers as to be embarrassing. The rooms were bravely decorated (under the supervision of Mrs. Laurence Housman) in purple, white, and green, and a large banner on the stairs met the eye of arrivals with the majestic word "Justice." Miss Christabel Pankhurst, looking pretty and girlish in white and gold, was the cynosure of all eyes. Altogether, it was an interesting and unique subscription ball.

Lady Crofton, who is a member of Lord Boston's family, is a noted Irish beauty. She was, before her marriage, Miss Margaret Irby, and her wedding to the popular young baronet was one of the prettiest

which have taken place since the opening of the new century in that fashionable Temple of Hymen, St. George's, Hanover Square. Lady Crofton is essentially modern in her tastes and interests, while yet full of old-world charm and distinction in appearance and manner.

An interesting début will take place at the Queen's Theatre on the 18th. A matinée has been organised in aid of the Royal Ear Hospital, and both amateurs and professionals will appear. Among the former will be the Hon. Mrs. Edward Stonor, who, together with Lady Alington, will there make her first appearance at a London theatre in the cause of charity. A quaint novelty is promised in the shape of a souvenir which will contain reproductions of works by well-known artists, and poems by well-known authors. Each souvenir will contain a coupon entitling the holder to be photographed free of charge. Mrs. Edward Stonor and her husband are well known at Court.

Mr. Assheton Smith, who has created such a sensation by scratching his horses for the Grand National, is one of the richest untitled landowners in this country. In the days when he was still Mr. Duff—that is, before he succeeded to the estate and a new name—he was owner of the celebrated horse Cloister. Vaynol Park, where the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed in the April of 1902, their host being the present owner's brother, is one of the loveliest places on the Menai Straits, and the huge park is celebrated for its wild cattle. Mr. Assheton Smith's beautiful house in London is named after the most famous of his horses, Cloister House, and it was there that he brought back a very charming bride in the person of Miss Sybil Verschoyle.



A FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF FIFE AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL BEING TRANSFORMED INTO AN HOTEL; DUFF HOUSE, BANFFSHIRE.

Duff House, Banffshire, formerly one of the residences of the Duke of Fife and the Princess Royal, has been given by his Grace to the twin township of Banff and Macduff, together with 140 acres of land, that the townspeople and the crofters of the neighbourhood may be benefited. The residence is being converted into an hotel, which, it is claimed, will be one of the most luxurious palaces of sport in the British Isles. Over 33,000 acres of low ground and moor shootings have been acquired, as well as the trout and salmon-fishing rights of a considerable part of the river. An 18-hole golf-course is also being laid out.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 23.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

HOW are the new Stock Exchange Rules working?" inquired The Merchant. "Are not shunting and double commission both done away with now?"

"For the present they are," said The Broker oracularly.

"What is shunting?" demanded The Engineer.

"What is whisky?" The Jobber propounded.

"Shunting is dealing between members of the London Stock Exchange and members of the provincial exchanges. It is now forbidden by the Committee," answered The City Editor, too ready with exposure of his ignorance.

The Broker and The Jobber fell upon him severely, and he realised his error.

"Now tell us what shunting really means," The Jobber commanded, after a full five minutes' elucidation of the game.

"Certainly." And The City Editor started a long explanation which showed that he failed altogether to grasp the point of the subject.

The two House men looked at one another in despair.

"Isn't he exactly the same as all the other writers?" said The Jobber. "I don't care what it is, but never do you find a Stock Exchange matter handled by an outsider without its being hopelessly muddled in one particular or another."

"It doesn't matter to the readers," The Engineer sagely said, "because they don't know any better. Only somebody connected with the Stock Exchange knows, and he doesn't count."

"Well, what is shunting, briefly put?" asked The Merchant. "To tell the truth, your long-winded dissertation just now was too technical for my poor mind."

"Same thing evidently applies to him," snorted The Jobber, indicating The City Editor. "Well, shunting is a thing very difficult to define briefly."

"Then give us a concrete example."

"Right," said The Jobber. "Suppose you're a broker in Manchester and I'm a dealer in London. Well, you telephone to me that there's a seller of Cottons at 28s. I'm jobbing in London, and Cottons here are 28s. 1½d. to 28s. 4½d. I sell 100 at 28s. 1½d., 'phone you, and you buy in Manchester 100 at 28s. We divide the profit, and get three-farthings a share each."

"But supposing the Manchester seller did his business before you got through from London with your 100 at 28s. 1½d.?"

"That's where the risk comes in. You and I, see, have a joint account of profit and loss. Well, the Committee step in and say, 'No you don't, my friend. You're a jobber, and therefore not allowed to deal with non-members at all.' That's shunting, and the abolition thereof."

"It's exactly the same with a broker, only a little different," added The Broker, to the derision of The City Editor.

"But doesn't all this country business bring orders, and help to make markets freer?" suggested The Engineer.

"Of course it does," retorted The Broker. "And if the Committee think they can stop shunting, then I'm sorry for them. Because they never will, unless they put an embargo on the use of private telephones to the country. That would knock it on the head straight away."

"If the London Stock Exchange Committee adopt a fixed scale of commission, and get it taken up by the provincial exchanges, that would be another blow to shunting," remarked The Jobber.

"And what about Kaffirs?" said The Engineer swiftly.

The others all laughed.

"Quite a good market," said The Broker. "I rather believe in them."

"How about Knight's Central? The Company is crushing now, isn't it?"

"First crushings are always poor," laid down The Jobber.

"They're terrible things to let down the bulls, are first crushings. The plates always absorb such a lot of gold, and everyone is profoundly disappointed."

"Rand Mines, after all, are the best things to hold, because the Company has such a heap of shares in all these Deeps. You can buy yourselves Rand Mines with equanimity."

"With what?" exclaimed The Jobber. "I knew Rand Mines were ex-dividend, but it never occurred to me that they were cum-equanimity."

"Kaffirs are a better market than your Yankees," The Engineer quizzed him.

"Possibly—possibly. But they haven't done with Yankees yet, you can bet your boots."

The Merchant admitted having sold his Canadas. "Can't help a fancy that the country has rather a long row to hoe for a year or two," he explained.

"And I think your right," The Solicitor said. He had just got into the compartment.

"What are the odds? Have you heard?" The Jobber eagerly inquired, but The Solicitor shrugged his shoulders and declined to commit himself in any way.

"Perhaps getting off is not so easy as it looks," observed The Jobber, suiting the action to his words. "Good-day, gentlemen. Good-day, Brokie," and he cheerfully dodged the indignant blow.

LINGGI PLANTATIONS.

In accordance with the promise made last week, I give below the latest up-to-date particulars as to one of the most promising of the large rubber-producing Companies—namely, the *Linggi Plantations, Limited*. It is quite impossible in the space at my command to deal adequately with a concern of this magnitude, and I must therefore give the figures, and leave your readers to draw their own deductions. I may add that this Company purchased another large estate last month, and therefore the figures given below differ from those in the books of reference.

Linggi Plantations.

Authorised Capital—£100,000

Issued—£10,000 7 per cent. Preference shares.
883,244 Ordinary shares of 2s. each.

Total Area of Property—

14,185 acres, in Federated Malay States, of which
5,657 acres are planted with rubber.

Production of Rubber—

1907 .. 110,740 lb.	1910 .. 477,550 lb. (official estimate)
1908 .. 271,500 lb.	1911 .. 599,500 lb. "
1909 .. 374,700 lb. (official estimate)	1912 .. 1,074,750 lb. "

Estimated ultimate production from area at present planted on basis of 300 lb. per acre, 1,697,100 lb. per annum. The estimate of 300 lb. per acre, or 2 lb. per tree from 150 trees, is a moderate one. On this basis every penny per lb. profit over cost of production would allow of a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 7½ per cent., so that, if the price of plantation rubber were to fall to 2s. per lb., dividends of from 60 to 90 per cent. would still be earned. The 1907 crop of 110,740 lb. was sold at an average price of about 3s. 9d. per lb., and the profit for that year was £14,759, and 20 per cent. was paid for the year. The price at which the 1908 crop of 271,500 lb. has been and will be sold will certainly be on the average higher than the price obtained the previous year. An interim dividend at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum for the first half of 1908 has been paid, and in a circular recently issued to the shareholders it is stated that "this rate will be more than maintained for the last half-year." The cost of production on the estates in 1907 was about 1s. 2d. per lb., and the present price of plantation rubber is 5s. 3d. per lb. It should be added that the estate acquired last month includes house property bringing in £750 per annum, and tin mines, which have been bringing in over £6000 per annum to the late owners. As regards working capital, £70,000 has been provided by the premiums at which shares have been issued, and there are still 16,756 shares to be issued when required. The 2s. shares are quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and the present price is about 11s. 6d. Assuming that a final dividend at the rate of 50 per cent. is paid in May, making 45 per cent. for the year, the return is about 7½ per cent., but, of course, a bigger dividend is looked for in the current year. Q.

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to The City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

MOHT.—The two Companies are among the very best of the Nitrate group, and "Q" has a high opinion of them. Certainly hold, and if you can afford some risk, average.

GOLF.—Hold all your Kaffirs. They are among the best, and it seems probable that this year will see an improvement in that market all round. No. 5 is rather a long shot, and the results hitherto disappointing.

FURNITURE.—A warehouseman is not liable. He is only obliged to take the utmost care that a prudent man would take of his own goods.

PUZZLED.—We should say, average with three more, and then do not be persuaded not to take a decent profit as soon as you can get it.

HARDY.—We like all your investments except the last on the list, which is somewhat speculative, but good enough if you will run some risks.

TRICKED.—You had plenty of warning, as the firm was known to be in difficulties for months. If it is a warning to you not to deal with advertising touts, it will be a cheap loss.

A.W.P.—As to security for interest, the loans are all much of a muchness. In some there is a better market than in others, and you can deal at closer prices, which means that if you want to realise there is less loss. If it is mere security for your income you want, the loans you name are all right.

CAREFUL.—The bank would not be good enough for our money. The Birkbeck Bank will allow you 2 per cent. on current account, and is safe.

ADONIS.—(1) Yes, the answer referred to the Company you name. It is hard to advise, but we do not suppose the whole of the unpaid capital would be called up, even if the worst happened. The market is uneasy as to the position. (2) We Prefer Langlaagte Block "B." (3) The list is a speculative one, most of the Companies being mere gambles.

PENCIL.—It serves you right for allowing yourself to be made a dumping-ground for the L. and P. Exchange. You had better take up the attitude that the cover was the limit of your liability. We think badly of the Company.

TYRO.—Have no dealings with the people you name. We have sent you the name of a respectable firm who are members of the Stock Exchange to do business with.

X. Y. Z.—"Q" does not answer questions in this column. We think it is probably a rig. Wolluters are very good. The following Companies would be our pick among the outcrops: Primrose, Princess, and Wolluters; while among the deep levels Witwatersrand Deep, Robinson Central Deep, with perhaps Jupiters as a speculation.

EDEN.—(1) It is not likely you will ever get the profit your options show, so write it off as a bad debt. (2) Central Bahia Trust "A" stock should suit you.

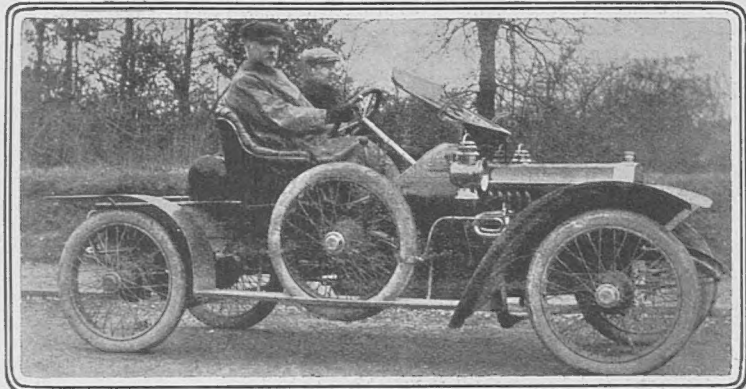
MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There is a prospect of good sport at Leicester and Hurst Park this week, where some of the following may win—Leicester to-day: Ross in the Mapperley Steeplechase, Spring Gate in the Wigston Steeplechase, Redmond in the Oadby Hurdle Race, and Wand in the Novices' Steeplechase. To-morrow: Ante in the Harrington Steeplechase, Persinus in the Gopsall Hurdle Race, Bright Park in the February Hurdle Race, and Flaxseed in the Worksop Steeplechase. At Hurst Park, on Friday, Mask may win the Molesey Steeplechase, Holy War the Open Steeplechase, Gun Barrel the Maiden Hurdle Race, and Prieska the Mole Hurdle. On Saturday Island Chief may win the Grange Steeplechase, Abelard the Suffolk Flat Race, and Bruges the February Hurdle Race.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

THE accompanying Illustration shows Mr. W. Gardner, the chairman of Vauxhall Motors, Limited, on his 16-h.p. Vauxhall car, fitted with a particularly smart and racy-looking two-seated body. As a car for two, with ample baggage accommodation in rear, I can imagine no more comfortable, convenient, or economical vehicle. The fact that this car is in all mechanical details a reduction of the famous 20-h.p. Vauxhall which, driven by that finished driver, Mr. C. Kidner, emerged so triumphantly from the Scottish and Royal Automobile Club Trials of last year, to say nothing of wiping the Frenchman's eye at Gaillon, will lend it vast interest in the eyes of automobilists. That Vauxhall Motors, Limited, are putting a car of this calibre upon the market is good news indeed, for it is just the thing to meet the rapidly growing demand for a light, fast, smart, medium-



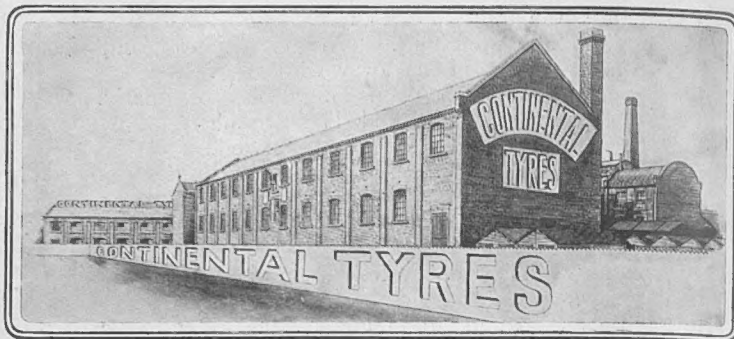
MR. W. GARDNER ON HIS 16-H.P. TWO-SEATED VAUXHALL.

Mr. Gardner is the Chairman of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. The car shown is a smaller example of the famous 20-h.p. car driven through the 2000-miles Reliability Trial last year.

priced car, which is both light on tyres and cheap in upkeep, while being easily handled in every way by its owner.

Recognising that, if tyre repairs were to be satisfactory, they must be carried out by skilled hands, the Continental Tyre Company, six years ago, put down a special plant to cope with the then demand. The success which met their efforts, due to the fact that

a Continental tyre re-treaded by them rendered a mileage almost equal to that of a new cover, has so increased the volume of this repair work that the Company have found it necessary nearly to



WHERE OLD TYRES ARE RESTORED TO USEFULNESS: THE CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY'S REPAIR WORKS AT WILLESDEN.

double the size of their Willesden works. A further installation of special machinery has been made, which enables the Company to cope with repairs of every description, from the smallest cut to the most serious burst. Any type of tread can be fitted—indeed, the Continental Tyre Company are making a special feature of affixing their heavy three-ribbed, all-rubber pattern, now so popular, to worn smooth covers, with the most gratifying results.

In the above connection, it would not, perhaps, be out of place if I ventured a few words of counsel born of many years of experience of tyres and their treatment. Too many motorists to-day have become impressed with the notion that no saving is effected by re-treading outer covers. It is, unfortunately, too often the practice with chauffeurs in particular to run their tyres until the fabric is laid bare, and then to persuade their owners that retreading is false economy. And so it is in such case; but, as in most other things, a stitch in time saves nine, and if car-owners will see that their tyres are forwarded for retreading just before the canvas-bare stage is reached they will greatly lessen their tyre bill. In the early days of motoring, perhaps, retreading was a mistake; but carried out as the Continental Company carries out such work to-day, the man who scraps a worn tyre is foolish in the extreme. No matter what its condition, it should be sent to the Continental Tyre Company for an opinion, and their advice should be taken.



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and the engine, gear, back axle, etc., show no appreciable signs of wear, notwithstanding this enormous distance and rough usage."

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